JULY 8, 1972

Saturday Review

FIFTY CENTS

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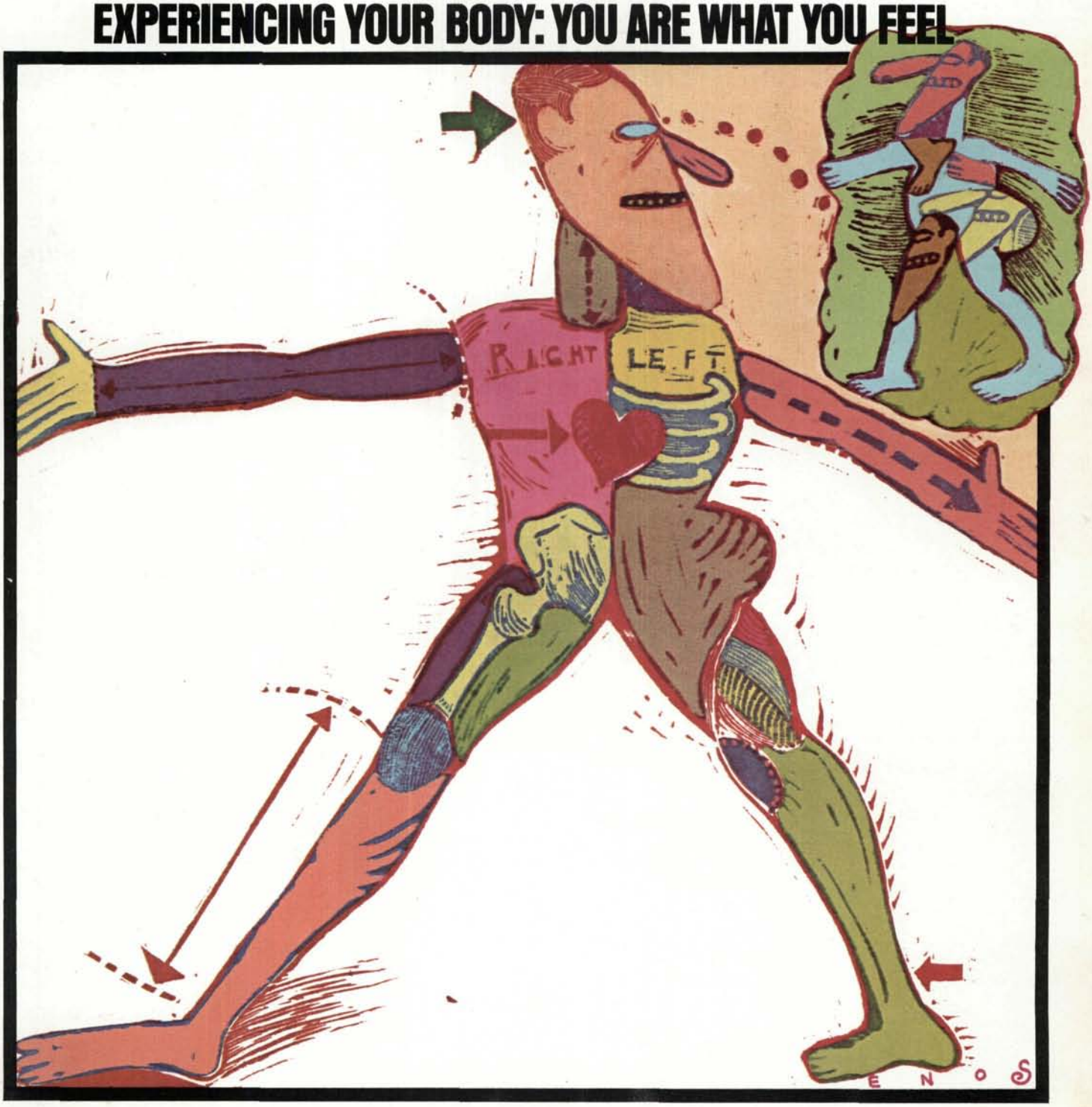

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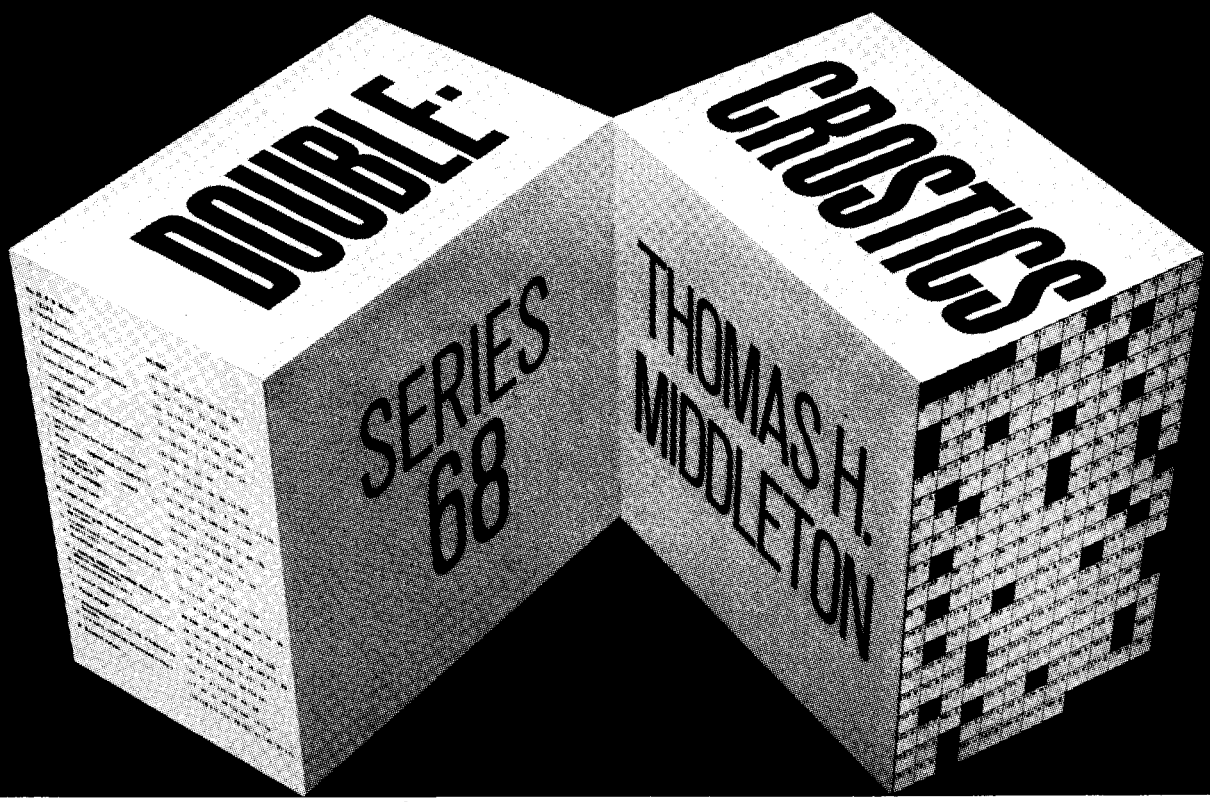

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SR
UP FRONT

JULY 8, 1972

The Stars Shone Bright on George McGovern

BY RICHARD REEVES

MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESS

Subject: Coverage of "Together for McGovern at the Garden"

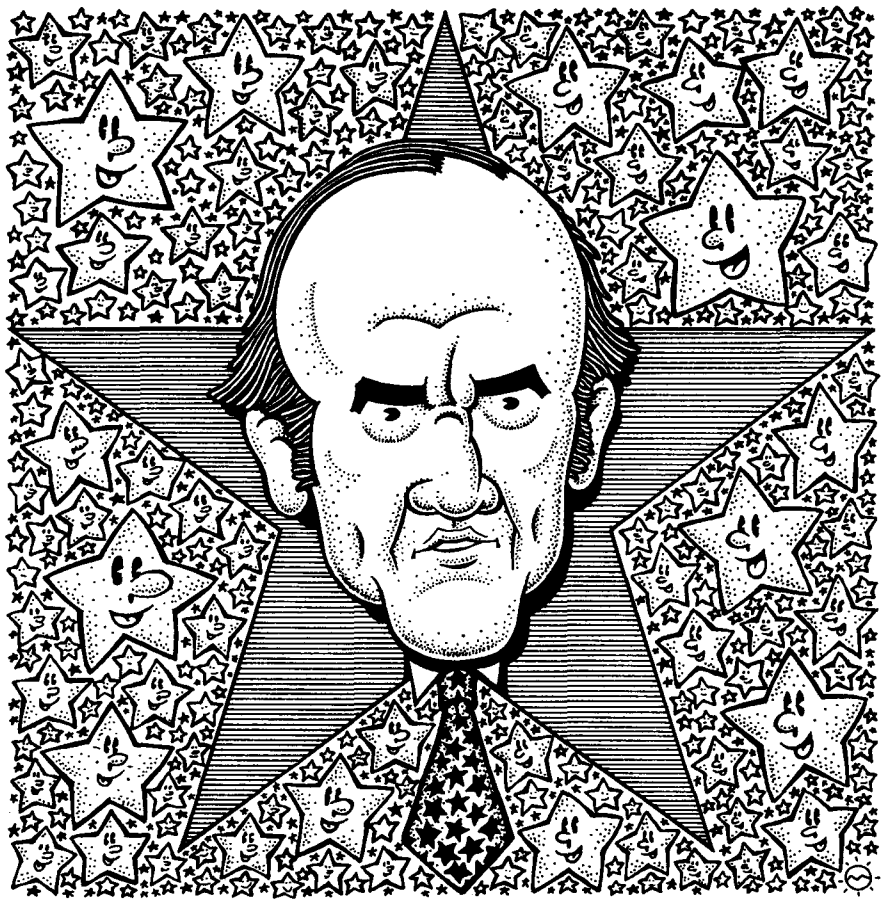
Enclosed are your press tickets and identification tags for the concert at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, June 14. . . . Those who hold working press credentials may attend the concert's rehearsal scheduled for 1 p.m., Wednesday.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It wasn't quite that easy. When I got to Madison Square Garden at a little after one o'clock, a man named Ron Delsener, in a vanilla-ice-cream-colored dungaree suit, was screaming, "Who are these people? Do you know they're reporters? Get these people the f—— out of here!"

Then, just like in the movies, we were rescued by Warren Beatty, who ambled in in a blue dungaree suit and said he thought it wasn't such a bad idea to let us watch Peter, Paul & Mary, Simon & Garfunkel, and Mike Nichols & Elaine May do their things in the empty and dark Garden.

Beatty and Delsener were the producers of "Together for McGovern," the show that brought the three great acts together again (Nichols & May hadn't performed as a team since 1962), and 19,500 people paid about $450,000 to watch the reunions that night. It was the fifth spectacular concert that Beatty—literally the most prodigious fund raiser in American politics this year—had organized for the candidacy of George McGovern. "Warren has plenty of time," one of his press agents told me. "He doesn't have to work; neither would you if you had a percentage of *Bonnie and Clyde*."

Richard Reeves is a contributing editor of New York *magazine.*



The Democratic front-runner was the star of the show at Madison Square Garden, but he had some tough acts to follow.

The rehearsal settled into a dull routine after I got over the kick of thinking that's really Peter, Paul & Mary singing "If I Had a Hammer" ten feet away from me—me, who had shelled out all those $5.95s for their albums. The business of the next five hours was mostly technical. A microphone started to crackle, and Peter Yarrow fooled with it, and Paul Stookey said, "Actually, it's not bad; it just has a bad sense of tempo." Later, Mary Travers called out, "Whoever's god of the lights, please turn them all on! The Secret Service would like to see the place lit."

Beatty was giving interviews, and he's been in politics long enough now to have his routine down. He was telling a British Broadcasting Corporation crew that he felt he could do things for the man he believed in, George McGovern: He could raise money, and he could give the senator from South Dakota "visibility." This had been undeniably true in the early New Hampshire days when most of those who braved the cold whenever McGovern pulled into town had, in fact, turned out to see Warren Beatty in the

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flesh. The young actor did say one thing, to McCandlish Phillips of the *New York Times*, that rattled me: "A great deal of the leadership of this generation comes from music and film people, whether people like that fact or not."

I was sulking in the front row, thinking I didn't like it. But I wasn't sure why. Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* stopped by and said she wasn't sure she liked it either. "What can you do when Warren Beatty is giving political speeches, and George McGovern is having his teeth capped?

"When I was in California, Marlo Thomas was speaking for McGovern at a party at someone's house. She was standing by a swimming pool with a crowd of beautiful bronzed gods and goddesses. She talked about redistributing wealth and ended by saying McGovern was the man for 'we the people.' The people around the pool raised their fists and shouted, 'Right on!' You could have gone blind from the diamonds in the sunlight."

Still, Warren Beatty and Marlo Thomas are American citizens, and they have as much right as anybody else to work for what they believe in. I once talked with Harry Belafonte about his involvement in civil rights and political benefits—he's been helping Shirley Chisholm this year—and he said it would be unconscionable for a black man to make it in this country and not do as much as he could for other blacks.

A couple of days before the concert for McGovern I asked Robert Redford why he wasn't going to be one of the ushers at the Garden—stars such as Paul Newman, Goldie Hawn, and Ryan O'Neal had volunteered to lead people to their seats. "I don't do those things," he said. "I don't believe anyone cares what I have to say. Something funny happens to actors. As soon as people know you, you have some kind of power. As soon as people want to see you, you begin to think you really have something to say.

"I think actors are suckers for politics. You've just begun to see what's going to happen. Ronald Reagan is only the beginning."

There has always been an instinctive bond between politicians and actors—both callings attract people with the same kind of suffocating egos. Robert and Jane Squier, who were Hubert Humphrey's television consultants in 1968, theorized later that the bond goes deeper than the fact that most major politicians have taken to wearing makeup most of the time. "Actors think politicians have the only high better than theirs," Jane said. "And politicians," Bob added, "think actors have a better high—the business of people reacting to your fame—than they do. The only person who really impresses a politician is someone like Paul Newman. I was there when Humphrey was introduced to Newman in '68, and I never saw Hubert so in awe. Both of them were. I thought they were going to ask each other for autographs."

Back inside the Garden, the rehearsal was coming to an end, and men somewhere in the shadows were still adjusting microphone levels and the star bursts of light fixing the small stage. Art Garfunkel, a strikingly vulnerable young man, was saying to the BBC, "McGovern only appeals to me in comparison to the others. I'm not very political. . . . I've never met him, but I get the feeling he's a good person. He sort of makes you feel the Woodstock coming-together." Mary Travers was with a radio interviewer. "The tail end of the Sixties," she was telling him, "was devastating for me in terms of the issues. . . . "

Garfunkel and Jack Nicholson, one of the ushers for a night, left for dinner. The singer still seemed scared, but Nicholson was soaring: "This is together. This is the way it's going to be from now on. Win. Win. No more little shit."

The concert itself was sensational. To get into the Garden that evening you had to pass through phalanxes of pamphleteers. There was more than I had ever seen at a political event, and, with only two hands, I collected literature from the Progressive Labor party, the National Association for Irish Freedom, the High School Student Union, the United Farm Workers, "Ring Around the Congress," the Socialist Workers party, the Women's National Abortion Action Coalition, SDS, and the Gay Activists Alliance.

The candidate himself got a three-minute, standing ovation when he came on with his wife, Eleanor, at 10:58. But he was really anticlimactic, and he had the good sense to keep it short. Only two things about his appearance were worth remembering: There was a noticeable lack of applause from the $100 seats when McGovern mentioned closing tax loopholes, and he did get off one good spontaneous line in his introductory remarks.

"I want to thank our campaign planners for scheduling Eleanor and me into the same place at the same time for the first time in many days," he began—and there was light laughter. "This," he continued earnestly, "is a night of coming together for George and Eleanor McGovern and for . . . "—and the audience broke up. "I'm not used to this New York sophistication," said the senator from South Dakota—and the Garden roared with laughter and cheers.

The "cast and patrons" party was at The Four Seasons restaurant. Everybody was there, at least enough of everybody to keep the sizable crowd of autograph seekers outside happy for three hours. I left after Mary Travers arrived with a bounding, blond flourish and stepped over a middle-aged man sitting on carpeted stairs with a plate of chicken balanced on his knees. "There's a guy who knows how to eat," she commented to anyone within earshot. The man was Henry A. Grunwald, the managing editor of *Time* magazine. □

"Think It Over, Brodsky, but Decide Now"

BY ALAN LEVY

VIENNA, Austria—For Iosif Brodsky, who had just arrived from the Soviet Union, freedom started up like tyranny—with interrogations. By CBS, *Time*, *Newsweek*, the daily press, immigration authorities, and now by a nurse from the U.S. Public Health Service who wanted two snapshots, one chest X ray, a half-liter of blood, and some information.

"Any operations? Diseases? Tuberculosis?"

"No, no, and no, thank you."

"Military service?"

"Not exactly," he said with a slight snicker. The nurse wrote down "no."

"Your vocation?"

The cherubic, red-turtlenecked, red-lipped, red-haired, thirty-two-year-old Russian looked both ways before answering in English: "Er—writer." The nurse wrote down "journalist," and, at this point, I intervened. "Put down 'poet,'" I told her. She obliged. Then, still not looking up, she told "Brodsky, Joseph" to strip to the waist.

The Public Health Service nurse was processing an involuntary exile who, until his expulsion from his homeland on June 4, was regarded by the few who had access to his clandestinely circulated works as the Soviet Union's finest poet. (The late Russian poet Anna Akhmatova called his lyrics "magical" and spoke of Brodsky as the most talented poet of his generation.) Before June 4, if Brodsky was known at all in the West, it was as a result of an earlier interrogation by a Soviet woman judge.

"What do you do?" The judge had asked the defendant, who was then

Alan Levy is an American writer who reported from Prague until he was deported. He now lives in Vienna.

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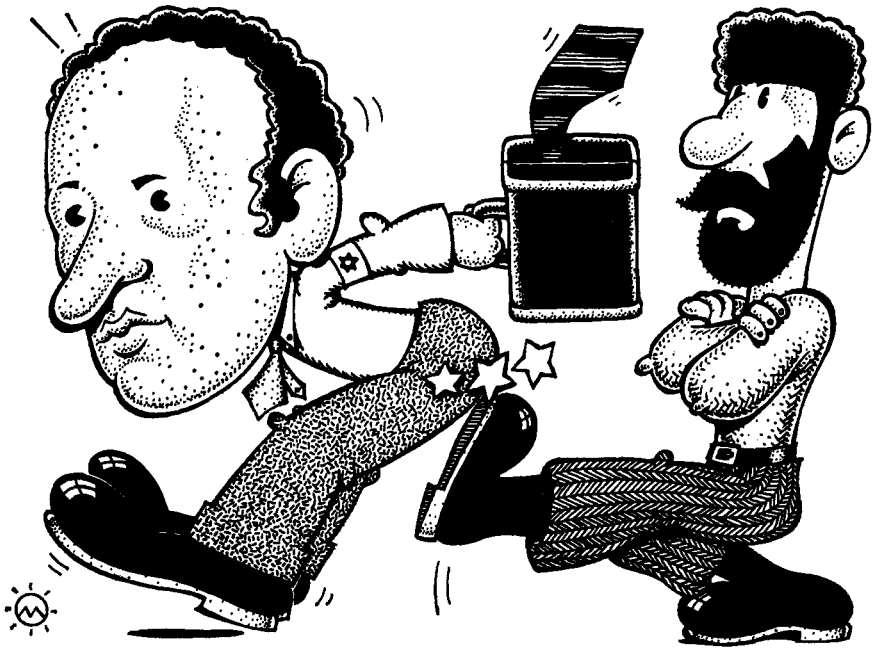

"They have simply kicked me out of my country, using the Jewish issue as an excuse."

twenty-three and already had an audience in Russia.

"I am a poet."

"And who said you were a poet? Who included you in the ranks?"

"No one," Brodsky replied. "And who included me in the human race?"

"Did you study to be a poet?"

"I didn't think you could get this from school."

"How then?"

"I think it comes from God."

His poetry was adjudged "gibberish," his vocation "social parasitism," and Brodsky was sentenced to five years at hard labor. As it turned out, he was released after eighteen months: three months in prison, fifteen months chopping wood and shoveling manure near the Arctic Circle. It was because he had "served" his country in this fashion that the poet permitted himself a snicker when, six-and-a-half years later, the nurse in Vienna asked about military service.

"Prison is always better than military service," Brodsky told me. "In prison you are among friends. You recognize all the ears that are around you. Even the guards—after a while you know them, and they are in the same boat. And my exile in the north was very good for me. Up there, I felt myself to be a normal man leading a normal life, more normal than I had foreseen, more normal than people's lives in Leningrad.

"Sometimes, in exile, I would sit on a bench at the station looking at the troop trains that stopped there for an hour or so. The soldiers weren't allowed to leave the train. They weren't allowed to move around. And they were taught to hate and kill. No, I think prison must have been better."

When Brodsky came home to Leningrad, he was allowed to work as a translator, although his own poetry was, as before, rejected by publishers. "That didn't disturb me. It was more important that I was writing poetry than to see it published. When you have quite a good sense of what you are doing and where you are going, it is no trouble, as it is when you are being praised or criticized or analyzed or advertised."

It was not Brodsky's poetry, seldom topical, that bothered the state. It was his attitude, which he described to me this way: "I am not a typical Russian. I am an absolutely private person, and that is the source of my trouble. It is completely strange and unpleasant to think of myself in relation to the state. If I ever did, I thought of myself as nobody. But our state has a strange quality. It looks upon its people as either slaves or enemies."

And it looked upon Iosif Brodsky, who wears a gold crucifix under his red turtleneck, as a Jew. Brodsky does not. "While I am related to the Old Testament," he says, "perhaps by ancestry and certainly by the spirit of justice, I consider myself a Christian. Not a good one, but I try to be." He was thus little concerned with Israel or Zionism.

Late last year, however, Brodsky received in the mail two official invitations from Israel to emigrate there. One was signed by "Moses Brodsky," but the poet has no such relative. The other was signed by one "Yevrey Yakov," a name that, the poet said, made him laugh. "It means Jacob the Jew. He probably exists, and I don't mean to joke about a man's name, but I did laugh."

Iosif Brodsky could not take Yakov or his letter any more seriously than he took "Moses Brodsky" and his letter because, while many Russian Jews were receiving similar invitations—some solicited, others unsolicited—he did not want to go to Israel or even to look into emigrating. Such inquiries could only make him more of a nonperson than he already was. Meanwhile, he enjoyed writing poems, more and more translating jobs were coming his way, and he was living rather contentedly with his parents in one room that he had partitioned by building a bookcase between them and him.

Then, on May 10, he received a remarkably polite phone call from the Ministry of Interior's department of visa permissions "inviting" him to stop by for "a conversation at a time that might be convenient." He went right over and was received by a plain-clothes official who, "judging by the material of his suit, must have been at least a colonel." And another crucial interrogation began.

"You wish to go to Israel?"

"No."

"But nevertheless you have the invitation."

"Yes, two of them."

"Why haven't you done anything about them?"

"For a number of reasons, starting with the fact that I am a Russian and I write in Russian."

"Is there some other reason?"

"Yes, many, but to describe them would take forever."

"What is your relationship to Yevrey Yakov?"

Brodsky didn't smile ("I had no reason to smile"), but he improvised: "He is a secondhand cousin of my dead grandmother."

"Probably one reason you didn't act upon the invitation is that you feared we wouldn't permit you to go."

"Perhaps, but the reason is neither here nor there."

"Still, we, too, have received your invitations. Suppose Yevrey Yakov protests our inhumanity? What are we to answer him?"

"Tell him I have no desire to go to Israel."

At this point the sleek colonel turned stern: "Listen, Brodsky, we will make it possible for you to honor this invitation. Otherwise, in the near future, there will be a hot period, and we'll have to take care of you in other ways." The colonel pushed a button, and a uniformed woman appeared in the doorway. "This is a police inspector. She will work with

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you on this. Think it over, Brodsky, but decide now."

There was a long pause. Brodsky remembers "a kind of emptiness in my head. I tried to think about something, but all I could think about was the noise in the street outside. Then the colonel said, 'What do you decide?' And I said: 'I agree.' "

On May 12, after discussing the matter with his parents, he filed all the necessary applications. On May 18 the police inspector called. "Mr. Brodsky," she said, "we have your permission, and you must be ready to go on short notice." On May 24, his thirty-second birthday, the inspector gave him an exit visa. On June 4 he went to the airport; at customs he was stripped and searched. His luggage, too, was searched. The officials found some thirty to forty poems in his suitcase and confiscated them.

"No matter," said Brodsky with a shrug. "That is their business. I remember the bulk of them."

When he got off the airplane in Vienna, however, the poet had been less diffident: "They have simply kicked me out of my country, using the Jewish issue as an excuse." For, in the last third of the twentieth century, the deportation of the Jews is under way once again—this time under the guise of a liberalized emigration policy. In recent weeks several hundred Russian-Jewish artists, scientists, and other dissidents—most of them much more militant than Brodsky—have been plunked down in Rome or Vienna. Not all of them have accepted their forcible transfer to the Western world as philosophically as has the poet.

Brodsky has "no regrets" because he really had no choice in the matter. "Now I will go to America, and I suppose I will have the possibility to write and publish." The American-funded Tolstoy Foundation took him under its aegis, and the University of Michigan named him its poet-in-residence. He is unafraid: "New land. New people. But the sky is the same. And I am the same."

In Vienna, his anteroom to America, Brodsky was accorded a little of the recognition he never enjoyed in his homeland. During his processing stopover in Austria he was received by that poet's poet W. H. Auden, who summers just outside of Vienna and who has hailed Brodsky as "a poet of the first order, of whom his country should be proud."

A week after their first encounter Brodsky was still marveling at Auden's craggy face: "When God gave out wrinkles, Auden must have been first in line. When I look at him, it is like seeing a landscape. But when he raises his eyebrows, I see what I always saw in the photographs of Auden as an unwrinkled young man: that strange gaze, so formal, but a bit surprised, as in his poetry."

In Vienna Brodsky said, "Everybody from Europe is warning me against America. To me, though, America is American poetry—the America of Robert Frost and his predecessor, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and maybe the America of Richard Wilbur, whose translations are so true. If this America exists, I will find it." □

Taking No Chances in Miami Beach

BY JAY CLARKE

MIAMI BEACH, Fla.—One evening not long ago Miami Beach Police Chief Rocky Pomerance picked up the telephone in his office and dialed his home. "Hi, Sweetheart," he said when his twelve-year-old daughter, Victoria, answered. "I guess I won't be able to get home, so I'll have to say good night on the phone."

Jay Clarke is a Sunday editor of the Miami Herald.

Very much a family man, Rocky Pomerance does not enjoy working overtime. But for the past few months his wife, two sons, and daughter have had to take second place to the awesome job his position has thrust him into: head of security for both 1972 political conventions.

Six feet tall and weighing about 270 pounds, Pomerance is adroit, resourceful, personable, and plausible—almost excessively so. You can talk to him for an hour and wonder later what he really said. He is a man intensely concerned with the image of his city—so much so that a newspaper editor once accused him of having a Chamber-of-Commerce attitude. And he is a policeman who asserts that "violence as a political tool has not only peaked but is counterproductive to the public at large."

If that sounds a bit pat, perhaps it is: Chief Pomerance has talked to many newsmen; he knows his lines well now. Nevertheless, what he says about violence may well be the key to his thinking about convention security during Miami Beach's long, hot summer. Pomerance simply feels that dissident groups will have nothing to gain by provoking violence because the public in 1972 is put off by it. "Moreover," he says, "all the people I've talked to [among the dissidents] have indicated and stressed the desire for a peaceful convention."

Chief Pomerance has a ready philosophy for his security program, and a title for it as well—"I call it 'Effective and Humane Policing of a Political Convention.' " The three planks of this program are:

- Preserve the peace and tranquillity of the community.
- Preserve the right of delegates to peacefully voice their views.
- Preserve the right of dissidents to peacefully voice their views.

The key word is "peacefully." "If dissidents come with this attitude," Pomerance says, "the police will not become an abrasive force." He likes to quote the phrase imprinted on the bumper stickers that decorate his force's Plymouth Fury squad cars: "We Preserve—We Serve."

In regard to the attitude of the men under his command, Pomerance has said, "I would hate for our officers to look at every youngster in sandals and long hair and see a potential bomb thrower." To obviate the kind of trouble that could occur because of a lack of understanding between police and demonstrators, Pomerance used much of a $395,424 grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) to put his officers through a ninety-six-hour course, an important part of which consisted of seminars on the counterculture. Mini-confrontations enlivened the learning

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process. "At one session," Pomerance related, "a man showed up wearing a Vietcong pin. One of our men, a Vietnam veteran, got up and walked out. But another officer went out after him and told him, 'Listen, if you can't take it in a closed environment like this, how can you take it at the convention?' The officer came back and sat through the session."

Exactly what Pomerance's game plan comprises, should trouble break out, is not readily ascertainable. When asked a direct question about it, the chief slips off into a philosophical discussion or changes the subject. Other law enforcement officials in the area are equally noncommittal. About the nearest Pomerance has come to outlining his plans was when he testified before the Miami Beach City Council in May, at which time the council was debating whether to invite the Republicans to their city. "Basically," he said then, "the game plan . . . suggests that we have x number of men on the streets of our city from approximately July 6 to August 24. The next level of federal involvement would be first an injunction and then U.S. marshals. Next would come the U.S. Army. . . ."

One contingency plan often mentioned in the press is the raising of the bridges on the causeways connecting Miami Beach with the mainland to prevent demonstrators from reaching the convention site. Pomerance dismissed this with a laugh. "I don't think you can deny access to any American city," he said. "Besides, we don't want to close the causeways. If there's any trouble, we want them open so the demonstrators can get off the beach."

Even the total number of officers at Pomerance's disposal is not known for certain. The chief will command about 850 police—250 from his own force, 400 lent to him by Governor Reubin Askew, and 200 from Dade County and city of Miami forces. About 650 of these, Pomerance said, will be on convention duty. In addition, there will be an unspecified number of federal officers available from various agencies, primarily the Secret Service and FBI. Beyond that, in an emergency Pomerance could seek aid from the rest of the country's 1,500 officers under Sheriff E. Wilson Purdy, the city of Miami's 800 under Chief Bernard Garmire, and several hundred more from other municipalities in the area. Also on hand will be a number of federal troops who will probably be quartered at Homestead Air Force Base, as well as 3,000 National Guardsmen, ordered on standby duty during both conventions by Governor Askew. The Guardsmen will be under the command of Maj. Gen. Henry W. McMillan and will be billeted in seven high schools.

The most obvious sign of security at Miami Beach is at Convention Hall itself, around which a chain-link fence has been installed. (As in 1968, the fence is obscured by a hibiscus hedge.) Security within the fenced area will be the responsibility of a private company retained by both political parties, the Andy Frain ushering service. This 350-man force, outfitted in blue-and-gold uniforms, will check credentials of those entering the convention and will keep order on the convention floor.

Officers stationed in the area immediately outside the fence will not carry weapons. "This is not just for psychological reasons," Pomerance explained. "It also represents a hard-nosed police approach."

A small portion of the LEAA funds that also paid for specialized police training was used to acquire such sophisticated "crowd-control" devices as gas "hopper grenades," which can't be picked up and hurled back at police, metal detection "friskers," plastic handcuffs, and riot-control gear. A larger chunk of the money was spent for improved communications systems. These include forty-five walkie-talkies, a closed-circuit television system for surveillance around Convention Hall, a system for scrambling police radio communications so that amateur radio operators cannot monitor them, a radio-paging system, a mobile-command van, a night-vision lookout system for scanning the area outside Convention Hall, and a minibus for shuttling policemen to and from the hall.

Undoubtedly the most critical time during the summer will come when the Republicans meet, from August 21 to 23. "We'll have more of a problem with that convention because they are the incumbents," Pomerance said. The dissidents apparently agree. In an abrupt switch, at least two antiwar groups have canceled plans to stage protests at the Democratic convention. "We're mobilizing for the Republican convention," said Shari Whitehead, speaking for the Miami Conventions Coalition, a group of about seven organizations that are planning to demonstrate. "We're concerned that things go smoothly for the Democratic convention." Not alluded to directly, but an obvious reason for the antiwar protesters' solicitude for the Democrats, is that they favor Senator McGovern, who seems likely to win the nomination.

Joining the coalition in its abandonment of protests for the Democratic parley, the Youth International Party (Yippies) has announced a shift to "a more cultural and artistic expression of new life possibilities" during the first convention. Allen Ginsberg is scheduled to lead "chanting," and artists utilizing searchlights and skywriting will express themselves through "sky art." (Although a "mass mobilization" for the GOP convention is forecast, one Yippie spokesman declared: "We think a massive nonviolent presence will be more effective in stopping the war than street fighting.") At least two groups, however—the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the National Welfare Rights Organization—still plan a protest demonstration at the Democratic meeting.

Close police control will be maintained over demonstrations, which will be permitted during eight days prior to and during the conventions. Permits to demonstrate—or to hold a parade—must be obtained from Pomerance's office, and the Miami Beach police chief has set aside separate demonstrating areas—one from 18th to 19th streets, the other from 19th to 20th streets, opposite Convention Hall. "We are having two different demonstration areas to keep different demonstrating philosophies separate [demonstrations are expected from Cuban exile groups as well as from antiwar protesters], and we also are hoping to schedule them on different days, but definitely at different hours," Pomerance said.

Pomerance has taken pains to keep lines of communication open with dissidents. He has met with leaders of the various counterculture groups on many occasions and has been careful about his public comments about them. The strategy has apparently been successful, inasmuch as few complaints have been heard from dissidents.

The chief is not unaware of his preeminent role in the convention picture. He has at his fingertips a clipping of a lengthy profile of himself in the *Miami Herald*; he casually mentions articles in national magazines and interviews with television newscasters. To explain and make widely known his philosophy on convention security, he has met with the editorial board of the *Washington Post*, with key editors of the *Miami Herald*, with representatives of the wire services and television networks. He has also made himself accessible to visiting newsmen, of whom there have been many.

Ticking off a recent day, Pomerance said, "At nine I met a reporter from *Time* magazine. At ten there was a man from the New York *Daily News*. At eleven *Parade*; at one o'clock Mike Wallace. . . ."

I asked Chief Pomerance if he was planning to take off on vacation as soon as his summer ordeal was over.

"No, I can't," he said. "I figure in September they'll be analyzing what we did in August."

Pomerance hopes that the only criticism the analysts come up with will be that he and the men on his force were overprepared. □

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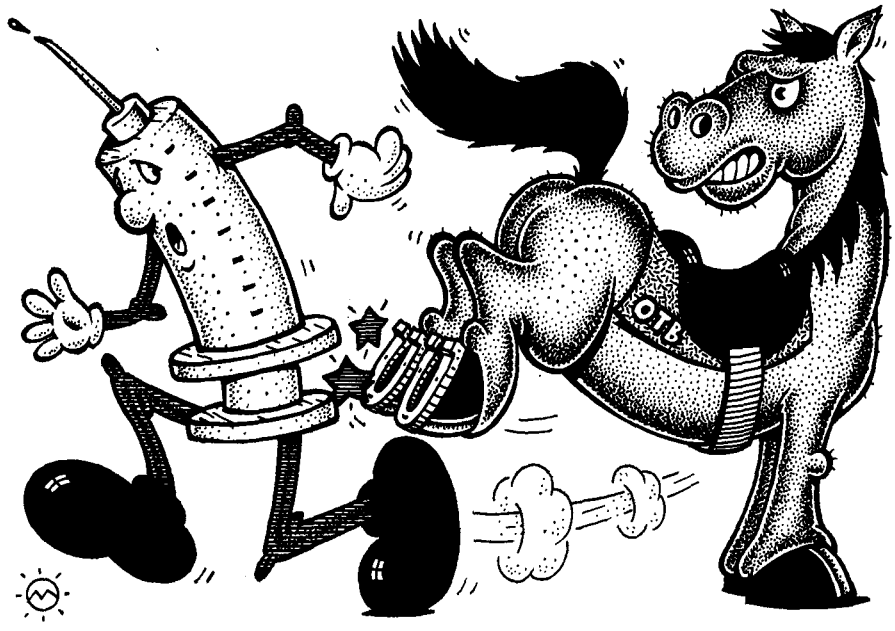

The Losers in the Betting Parlors Are Winners

BY PAUL GOOD

OTB set out to prove that addicts in controlled rehabilitation programs are employable.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—The one sure thing in betting parlors are losers. And, outwardly, the New York Off-Track Betting office on Lexington Avenue near Grand Central Terminal offers no exception to that universal rule. The bettors lined up before the ticket windows are basically contributors, making donations to legalized gambling begun a year ago by a city desperate for new revenue. But it is the tellers behind the windows who have the biggest stake in the betting.

Each has more to gain than New York's treasury. More to lose than the hunch players betting last night's dream or the handicappers who know what their horses had for breakfast. Because each teller is a drug addict, a lifetime loser trying to beat the odds on heroin addiction.

A year ago every dollar they could scavenge or steal went into their veins. Many contributed to the addict thievery that costs the city, conservatively, a quarter of a billion dollars a year and makes living with criminal menace the urban way of life. They shot up love, hope, and self-respect, squandering years in prison cells and drifting unemployable outside. Now these tellers are handling $20,000 a day of the public's money and earning $6,000 a year for doing so. Young and old, black and white, they are part of a unique New York experimental program.

The tellers are men like forty-one-year-old Joe Dolan, whose pale-blue eyes look back on two blurry decades of pursuing dope and finding despair. His attenuated fingers tap tickets from the computer while, a window away, Ernest Johnson, a goateed, thirty-two-year-old air force veteran who hustled on Harlem streets, slides a $3 Superfecta bet into his cash drawer. The odds on the Superfecta —picking the first four horses in order in a given race—are astronomical. Something like the odds against a black addict's going straight when Johnson started using pot, then heroin, at fourteen, and white American society, including its police and politicians, was unconcerned about drug traffic so long as it flourished only in the ghettos.

Beside Johnson, Abdul Barick, twenty-six, studies a betting slip with a calm eye. His fine features and fastidious dress belie the history behind a small forehead scar. The scar is from a bullet wound suffered in a Lower East Side gang rumble when Barick was a teen-ager, a junkie at fifteen, stealing and dealing his way downhill.

"I had umpteen chances and blew them all," Barick says. "Everything went on dope. I almost broke my mother's heart, coming home bloody from fights—getting arrested. When I tried to straighten out, I couldn't get a job with my record. Now I just want to start where I should have been all along."

The chance for Barick and twenty-two co-workers—two of them women—results from a confluence of concern flowing from many private and public sources at a time when at least 100,000 lives in New York City are being wasted on drugs. But the one man ultimately responsible for staffing this Off-Track Betting office with addicts, against all prevailing odds, is OTB President Howard Samuels.

"Society has a compensatory responsibility to those who have been disadvantaged for whatever reason," says the fifty-two-year-old Samuels, a virtually self-made multimillionaire who mixes sociological jargon with straight talk. "If you're concerned about this city, you have to be concerned about crime, and if you're concerned about crime, you have to be concerned about narcotics. So even as we develop drug rehabilitation modalities, the chance of the addict's finding himself depends on his finding employment."

In 1966, when Samuels ran unsuccessfully for lieutenant governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket, his press kit aptly described him as having "brains, savvy, charm, obvious sex appeal, money, a handsome wife, eight children, and a Horatio Alger background." Grandson of a cantor, he became a power in his party's liberal wing after a breath-taking military and business career. During World War II he was a lieutenant colonel at twenty-five, and after the war he and his brother parlayed a parental loan into the $100-million-a-year Kordite plastics corporation. He knew nothing about horses and less about narcotics in those years.

In 1970 Samuels made a spirited primary run for governor against former Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg. Samuels's campaign included a call for reform in the lock-'em-up, let-'em-out, lock-'em-up handling of addicts. In the middle of the campaign his second-born son, Howard Charles, then eighteen, was arrested for marihuana possession.

"The critics gave it to him," says an aide. "They said he couldn't even handle his own son while he was preaching about drugs. There's no question that Howard's interest in drugs was fanned by the boy's involvement. But he was into it long before that. He wanted to understand what drove someone into drugs and how you got them out."

The day after Samuels lost to Goldberg, Mayor Lindsay asked him to direct the fledgling OTB, which was expected to divert bookmaking profits of organized crime into the city's treasury. Samuels agreed, then asked for and received a place on the mayor's Narcotics Council.

Last April the first two OTB parlors opened, with Samuels directing things from his office overlooking Broadway and Times Square—a prime location. The once Great White Way below had become a freaky and often violent prom-

Paul Good is the author of the novel Once to Every Man.

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enade, where the public face of rampant private addiction was glimpsed in casual murders and daily aberrations. Samuels's immediate problem, however, was turning the city on to OTB, expanding its original two betting parlors that handled $66,000 a day to sixty-seven before the year was out with a handle that finally topped $1 million.

While OTB alternately stumbled and spurted under Samuels's flamboyant rein, a private foundation called Vera Institute was dealing with the employment dilemma of ex-cons trying to go straight. Not every ex-con is an addict, but virtually every addict is an ex-con. The institute, headed by Herbert Sturz and devoted to criminal justice, had founded the Pioneer Messenger Service in New York, which comprises ex-cons and/or ex-addicts. Ten thousand messages were faultlessly delivered—an unofficial world messenger record—before one was mislaid.

"Ex-con addicts are the most badly damaged segment of our population," says Sturz, "but very receptive to help. Since they are sick, society is sicker than they if it doesn't help. They need people around them who understand what they are going through. You just can't dump them in a bank and say, 'Compete with the other tellers!' They're too used to losing to compete like that."

Sturz and Samuels met through the Narcotics Council, and late last summer their philosophies merged. They decided that OTB should prove that addicts in controlled rehabilitation programs are employable. Unusual allowances would have to be made for their criminal records, but their job aptitude tests would be competitive with those of 70,000 other OTB applicants. Supportive counseling would be required for addicts with housing and medical problems, as well as a host of "normal" needs left untended over the years. Samuels pushed the plan through a reluctant Board of Estimate, and letters arrived asking sarcastically, "Do you have to be a heroin addict to work for OTB?" Vera Institute obtained a federal grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration for a two-man counseling staff headed by David Mactas, a social service worker wise in the ways of addiction.

"It costs the city nothing," Samuels says. "The federal government increasingly will have to help to make these programs attractive. Anybody who thinks you're going to make societal institutions out of business concerns per se is crazy. But if you prove in a city like New York that the addict's survival is tied to the city's survival, that the profit motive and social motive are one, then you're into something."

Mactas screened 300 addicts, most referred by Methadone programs, and OTB tested and trained his referrals. Then, almost on the eve of the Lexington Avenue branch's opening, Howard Charles Samuels was arrested again—this time for heroin possession. If the irony was cruel, most people were understanding.

"I got dozens of letters offering help," says the father, seated in his OTB office. On a wall facing him is a 1970 campaign photo—in glossy, bad political taste—of his children surrounding him, with this caption: "Happy Birthday from all 8—We love you." Young Howard stares out somberly, a long-haired boy, with his father's eyes.

"I think, if I hadn't been so involved with my work and had given him more time, it might not have happened," the father says. "He feels he can handle it with some psychiatric help. I think with enough love he'll make it." Samuels's face reflects the anxiety so many other fathers feel today. "But I can't know what's inside his head."

Though Samuels worries over his son's future, the prospects for his Lexington Avenue project look better every day. Even if most bettors are so preoccupied an orangutan punching tickets might go unremarked, discernible response to the addict tellers has been good. OTB supervisors — all nonaddicts — say the crew is punctual, cooperative, and efficient. Despite some dire predictions that dope fiends would dip into the till, the branch has consistently produced the lowest daily shortages of any OTB office in the city.

"In the beginning, seeing all that cash bothered the hell out of me," teller Ernest Johnson admits. "But as my confidence in myself increased, all of a sudden it was just like play money."

Johnson's habit used to cost him $40 a day. He supported it by coming down from Harlem to midtown and stealing, specializing in office machines. He spent a total of two-and-a-half years in jail, was estranged from his four-year-old daughter, and saw life running out fast on him. After one half-hearted attempt to kick the habit, he entered a Veterans Administration Methadone plan and then landed the first substantial job of his life with OTB.

"Competing in the test for this job meant a lot," he says. "It wasn't just handed to me. Of course, it helps very much to have people around you on the job that care. I think I could make it in a regular office, but right now I wouldn't want to put myself under that kind of stress. This way I take each day as it comes and try not to look back. I mean, when I started shooting, it was nothing that society cared about because it was a black problem. But there were plenty of black guys I grew up with who never did dope. In the end you do it to yourself. So I don't waste time dwelling on race. This job is helping me get it all together again. At Christmas I bought my daughter a present for the first time in my life. And I've got some beautiful plans up ahead."

Of all the tellers, probably none is more grateful than the oldest, Joe Dolan. At forty-one, with twenty years of addiction behind him, he says without self-pity: "Exactly one year ago I didn't care if I lived or died. A cumulative sorrow for all those years on the spoon hit me. All the busted relationships, the years in jail, the crummy dead-end jobs. I looked sixty and felt a hundred. I got off this day with another junkie in a hallway on Fourteenth Street, and he saw how despondent I was. He suggested I try to get into a Methadone clinic. I was lucky. The Lower East Side clinic, run by some great, groovy people, took me right away. Now there are seven hundred on the waiting list, and you know most of them aren't going to be able to wait."

Dolan tells his story in a cubicle of a room in one of those run-down hotels that seem constructed to house life's losers. The walls, plaster bubbled by ancient leaks, exhale stale cigarette smoke from generations of men who lay alone on the narrow bed, smoking their nights away. It is the kind of room Dolan knows well, but now he sees it as a temporary stopping place on his journey back.

"When I first heard of the OTB thing, I was frankly skeptical," he says. "All through my life on drugs, the only programs I knew were punitive. You wore the label junkie, and nobody gave a damn. But the whole OTB setup—the Vera people, the supervisors—is so good that they spoil you for the rest of humanity. I'm not buttering up the boss. But everything they do reinforces your own determination to stay straight."

As OTB expands, Dolan and others will be in line for promotions, eventually moving on to other offices. In the meantime he is getting his life in order, piece by piece, relearning what it's like to feel good in the morning, reading books written while he was "away."

"Sometimes the bettors get on you to hurry up—hassle you for this or that," he says. "But I just let it all go over my head—take it nice and easy. With the Methadone I don't even think about shooting up. And if I need a reminder of where I used to be, all I have to do is look at some of the old junkies on the street I know from years back. I see them from time to time, the ones who just can't make it in programs. You know, when you're over forty and look bad, you look *bad*. I feel so goddamned sorry for them out there. . . ."

Listening to Dolan talk, a visitor is at

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once aware of how far the man has come and of the immense distance still to be traveled by others like him. The OTB program is young, barely tested, and no one who understands the power of heroin makes any easy assumptions about success. Dolan's boss, Howard Samuels, wrestles with his own demons of doubt, anxious over his son's reclamation and the program's success, aware how vulnerable each is to a "slip." The odds in New York are enormous. At least 100,000 addicts still on the needle, more than 200,000 people unemployed, 70,000 job applications on file at OTB—and exactly twenty-three jobs over on Lexington Avenue.

"But I think we can prove something," Dolan says. "For me, I really feel like it's my turn. I finally lucked out. I'm going to make it now. Bet on that." □

Corralling Jesus in the Cotton Bowl

BY EDWARD B. FISKE

DALLAS, Tex.—Campus Crusade for Christ is an evangelistic organization that operates out of a plush hotel in Arrowhead Springs, California, and has 3,000 staff members in fifty countries. It is run by bright, enthusiastic, and aggressive executives, who pride themselves on their ability to bring modern communications and marketing procedures to the ancient task of spreading the Christian message.

The sect's methods have been successful in reducing the essential elements of the Gospel to "Four Spiritual Laws" that are easy to remember and communicate: God has a plan for everyone, everyone sins, Jesus is God's "only provision" for correcting this condition, and everyone must "individually receive Jesus Christ." For convenience sake, these precepts have been printed, along with additional explanatory material, in a small gold booklet a little larger than one of those books of stamps you obtain at a post office.

Another thing about Campus Crusade leaders is that they think big, which is why Explo '72 came into being. Designed as a sort of "religious Woodstock," the festival was supposed to draw 100,000 people—mostly high school and college students—who would be taught how to communicate the Four Spiritual Laws, and each of whom would then be sent out to recruit five more zealots to do likewise, and so on. It is a sort of spiritual domino theory, though the social and political orientation of the leaders of Campus Crusade is such that they would probably not appreciate the comparison. "Our goal is to evangelize the whole world by 1980," said Bill Bright, the president and founder of the organization. "We want to make the world turn for Jesus."

The world was set to start turning June 12 in Dallas. Crusade officials said the city was picked because of its central location. It was also the sort of place where Explo's special brand of fundamentalism and social conservatism could be expected to find plenty of protective coloration.

I arrived the day before and, in order to clear my mind for the festivities ahead, withdrew to nearby Arlington, Texas, to watch the Texas Rangers solidify their hold on the bottom of the Western Division of the American League to the benefit of the Baltimore Orioles. At Arlington, which is halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth, one caught the first glimpse of the size of the spiritual Woodstock that was abuilding.

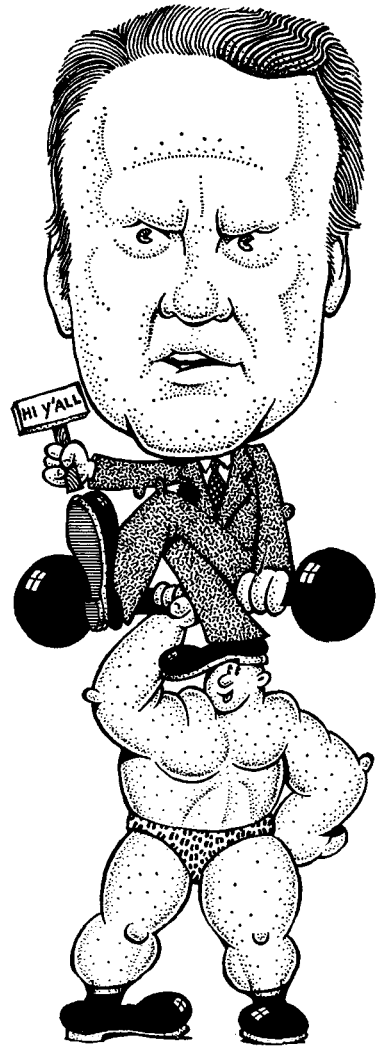
Several thousand young people could be seen setting up tents and campers of all shapes and sizes in a trailer park with a sign reading "Campers' Corral." It was immediately evident, though, that the Woodstock analogy had its limitations. These were clean-cut kids. The boys had short hair, the girls tidy miniskirts or skirts and blouses. They were courteous and as bright and friendly as the "Hi Y'all" badges that each of them wore. A fellow reporter told me he rode 1,300 miles with one group from West Virginia and never heard a swear word.

The kids at Arlington were only a small fraction of the more than 75,000 persons who participated in Explo. They filled the hotels and motels, and hotel managers went shopping as far as 700 miles away to find more folding beds. Extra sheets were bought and put at the disposal of youths who simply wanted to plunk themselves down on floors. Earlier, organizers had rung doorbells, looking for empty guest rooms and trying to convince owners of vacant apartments to open them up to bearers of sleeping bags. Hundreds did.

It was assumed that everyone at Explo accepted a basic fundamentalist theology (all official delegates had to sign a doctrinal statement to that effect), and training in reaching others with this message took place at more than sixty locations throughout Dallas and its environs. Events ranged from evangelism classes to discussions of sexual morality to special mini-conventions for businessmen, blacks, deaf people, and others. As a starter, I picked out a meeting at the Hilton Inn that, the program indicated, would demonstrate how athletics can be employed as a means of witnessing for Christ.

The meeting, held in a ballroom, was run by Athletes in Action, a division of Campus Crusade that sends groups of basketball players, wrestlers, and other athletes around the world to display their skills and give personal religious testimonies. Tonight there were two weight lifters who put on a quite funny comic routine before setting down to serious lifting. One, who weighed 155 pounds, pressed 275 pounds. The other, who was said to weigh 215 pounds, lay down on a small table and had four young men place a 475-pound bar bell on his chest. In what we were told was a "bent-arm pull-over," he moved the weight over his head until it was below his shoulders and then lifted it back to his chest. Afterward he went back to

Everybody at Explo '72, from Billy Graham to Athletes in Action, made the world turn for Jesus.



Edward B. Fiske is the religion editor of the New York Times.

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the microphone and, still in his blue sweat suit, told about his conversion experience. I was impressed, if only because he was still able to stand up straight and say anything, but not everyone shared my feeling. A girl complained, "I don't see what being a successful athlete has to do with the Christian faith." I asked David Hannah, who was the one who lifted the 475-pound bar bell and is the leader of Athletes in Action, about that, and he replied that spreading the Gospel was facilitated by the "respect factor."

The athletes, who were identified by burgundy blazers, were aided by a bevy of girls in blue skirts, white blouses, and red scarves, which made them look like American Airlines stewardesses. They were hostesses who performed secretarial and other chores for the athletes. I asked one of them, whose "Hi Y'all" badge identified her as Brenda, whether there were any female athletic teams that toured and gave witness to their faith. She said there weren't, but she added that plans were in the works for a coed gymnastics team. Obviously, Women's Liberation has not yet come to the Campus Crusade.

The next morning I went to a news conference conducted by Paul Eshleman, who was in charge of Explo '72 and had statistics about it. The Campus Crusade was prepared, he said, to serve up 30,596 sandwiches, 62,000 pieces of chicken, 162,286 apples, oranges, and bananas (no breakdown was offered on how many of each), and enough potato chips to make a "one-ton potato chip" (no one did). It was also revealed that the festival had been promoted on 800 billboards, 100,000 bumper stickers, and 5,000 T-shirts. Campus Crusade estimated that it would raise $2.5 million from the $25 registration fees and individual contributions but that it would spend $2.7 million on the Explo event. The leaders did not anticipate any difficulty in making up what was expected to be a $200,000 deficit. "Frankly, we don't feel the pressure of finding money because we trust God will provide it in some way," said Dan Lane, the Explo media director, who was also on hand. "He's done it in the past, and we believe He'll do it again."

Mr. Eshleman seemed a bit irritated when reporters asked why only 2 or 3 per cent of the participants were black; he replied that planners had allocated $300,000 for scholarships, most of it earmarked for blacks. Billy Graham, who was honorary chairman of Explo, told me that all religious groups were having trouble reaching blacks under forty. Someone asked if the conference had any provision for intellectual reflection on the Christian faith. "If you mean, 'Is it basic?' " Mr. Eshleman said, "the answer is yes. But if the teachings of Jesus are shallow, then Explo is shallow. I believe that what Jesus said was profound but simple." A better answer might have been that the festival was designed to sell the Four Spiritual Laws rather than to ponder whether they were a good product. "I figured out what Explo was all about when I went to buy a tape recorder," said one delegate. "All it would do was play. I could listen to Bill Bright, but I couldn't say anything back."

The need for clarity and simplicity was apparent the next afternoon when participants were given a chance to try out their new evangelistic skills on "door-to-door witnessing." I wandered into a meeting hall at the Sheraton-Dallas, where a middle-aged clergyman was giving instructions to several hundred persons. He warned boys against going into a home when a woman was there alone and told them that, if they got a cool reception, they should nevertheless show they were "gracious Christians by not walking across the lawn." Everyone was equipped with a bag containing copies of the Four Spiritual Laws, plastic bags to leave over the doorknob if no one was home, and a check list for recording the response at each address ("not interested," "shared 4 laws," and so forth). On the back were printed some suggested introductions ("Hello. My name is _____, and this is _____. We are attending Explo '72. . . . Have you ever heard of the Four Spiritual Laws?").

To see how this worked, I went out with a young couple from an organization in Monterey, California, called Youth Aflame, Inc. Don, Leslee, and I climbed into their VW camper and drove to the address on the slip they picked up on the way. After a short prayer in the bus, they began ringing doorbells in a complex of two-story apartments. The first person to respond was an elderly lady, who took the literature but said that she was too ill to go to church. She stepped out in front of her screen door, and they prayed for her health. A second woman was less friendly. The couple withdrew after a few moments but remained cheerful. "We just wanted to let you know that Jesus is coming back real soon," Leslee said. I told them that I had to get back to my hotel, and so we said another short prayer on the steps to the second floor, and I left.

That evening everyone swarmed into the Cotton Bowl for the most festive part of the whole Explo. The stands were nearly filled, and thousands of young people sat on plastic covers on the football field. There were rock bands and representatives of other countries carrying their nations' flags (the South Vietnamese drew big cheers) and, of course, more athletes.

This time the athletes were professional football players. The best moment came when one of them went to the microphone and said matter-of-factly, "I'm Roger Staubach, quarterback of the Dallas Cowboys." The crowd went wild. When the noise had quieted down, Mr. Staubach gave a short talk on strategy in "the game of life," and then some more bands took over. During lulls for changing scenery (everything was being taped for showing on national television later this month) the kids broke into "Jesus yells" like "Gimme a J"—"J." "Gimme an E. . . ." Then Bill Bright came out and delivered a sermon.

The next night leaders warned the kids about getting too excited and prolonging the program, which was planned to the last second ("The chaplain will pray for one-and-one-half minutes"). The explanation was that it had run too late the night before. One couldn't help wondering, though, if even the clean-cut enthusiasm of the kids at Explo wasn't something of a threat to the cool rationality of Campus Crusade. After all, one doesn't interrupt when athletes sell shaving cream and deodorants, either.

Explo attracted all sorts of outside groups, from purveyors of "Jesus art" to the Children of God, a radical communal group that has been accused of turning young people against their parents and that set up a coffee house across the street. Some exhibitors complained that they had been prevented from handing out literature not approved by Campus Crusade. "One man told me that, if I didn't like what Campus Crusade said, I could hold my own Explo," a youth reported. Explo leaders, including Billy Graham, who warned against nonofficial literature, expressed confidence that the gathering would be able to distinguish between true and false prophets. They also asked people with a penchant for speaking in tongues to please refrain from urging such idiosyncrasies on others.

A group known as the Evangelical Peace Coalition at Explo '72—part of a small minority that challenged these restrictions—issued a statement grieving at the "captivity of the evangelical church to the values of American culture" and even went so far as to shout, "Stop the war!" in the middle of a Flag Day ceremony led by the chief of navy chaplains.

It was clear that the Four Spiritual Laws did not make room for social criticism in the name of Jesus. On my way out of one building I met a man from Boise, Idaho, who was selling Jesus bumper stickers and American flag decals. I asked, "Why both?" and he said, "I figure that a good Christian is a good American and vice versa." He seemed to be doing well.

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Letters

Hijack

Neil Amdur's report "The Pilot Said: 'There's an Armed Man Aboard'" [*SR*, June 10] was limited to his own perceptions on a hijacked flight. If he had researched the subject further, he would have found out that:

Eastern Airlines joined the Federal Aviation Administration in early 1969 in pioneering the behavioral profile and other procedures that are still the heart of the hijacking prevention program.

Eastern Airlines has been tightening its security for the past three years and has reduced the hijacking rate from about one a week in early 1969 to a current rate of two a year. Statistically, now, the prospect of a plane's being hijacked is only 1 out of 272,000. We do not take satisfaction in the reduced rate—one hijacking is too many—but progress is being made.

Eastern Airlines has spent approximately $500,000 for magnetometers, exclusive of considerable training time and facility modifications. As of this writing, 125 persons have been arrested in 1972 trying to board our aircraft. Many of them were carrying concealed weapons or were wanted felons.

Advanced magnetometers are being installed at our gates as quickly as the manufacturer can produce and deliver them.

No passenger on any hijacked Eastern flight has been killed or injured. We believe the place to get tough is on the ground, not in the air.

Regarding Mr. Amdur's comment that the $300,000 extortion payment might have been better used for security devices, permit me to ask him whether, if that $300,000 would buy the safety of passengers and crew, he would have denied the money at that time, in that place, with that responsibility for human life.

Jonathan Rinehart
Vice President
Eastern Air Lines
New York, N.Y.

As a frequent air traveler, I read Neil Amdur's article on hijacking with a great deal of interest. I feel there are some very important lessons that we as Americans have not learned. In some foreign lands people caught stealing have a hand removed. It is a fact that there is very little stealing in those countries. If the penalty for hijacking an aircraft were the removal of the hand that carried the gun and if there were as much publicity attached to this act as there is to the who, what, where, when, and why of every hijacking, we would see a dramatic drop in hijacking. In my opinion, this would be far better than all of the money spent on air marshals and security at the airport.

Martin J. Neeb, Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.

Language Erosion

For professional as well as what I suppose are compulsive reasons, I keep a melancholy watch on the steady erosion of our language. It grieves me to note that *SR* is doing its bit to forward the process. For instance, in the last few years the auxiliary verb "may"—already labeled "defective" by lexicographers—seems to be approaching the point of death. It has almost lost one of the only two tenses left to it, as in Neil Amdur's account, in the June 10 Travel section, of the May 5 hijacking: "Metal-detecting devices, which *may* have picked up the hijacker's gun, *were* conspicuous by their absence." (Italics mine.) Reporting as he does for the *New York Times*, Mr. Amdur must know what the past tense of "may" is. This was one of those instances in which might makes right.

Dan Wickenden
New York, N.Y.

Vasectomy

In his article "Who's Afraid of Vasectomy?" [*SR*, June 10], Marvin Grosswirth quotes freely from my paper "The Female Response to Male Vas Ligation," published in *Medical Insight* (January 1972).

Mr. Grosswirth deplores my apparent neglect of statistics. My paper emphasizes that the nature of the material does not lend itself to statistical analysis. I consider it an impressive "statistic" that, unsolicited, some women will volunteer the information that they have had adverse psychological effects after vas ligation was performed on their husbands.

I am sure you will agree that it is not always possible for a physician to pluck from her memory every rooted sorrow that a woman may have, or even for the physician to know that one exists.

J. A. FitzGerald, M.D.
Watertown, N.Y.

Cultural Relaxation

Re: Faubion Bowers's "Does It Make Sense to the Man With the Beer Can?" [*SR*, June 10]. I am the owner of several dozens of undershirts (in one or another of which I occasionally sit and watch TV), and I think I might be ranked as one of the more dedicated devotees of Heineken's, but I am also a fifteen-year follower of the superb *Camera Three* program. It seems to me that Mr. Bowers has fallen prey to the ancient fallacy that, if one is in a state of comfortable relaxation, he cannot be receptive to what the artist is saying.

Charles C. Sords
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Greatest Game on Earth

Jeff Greenfield's article "Baseball Fans, You Should've Been There" [*SR*, June 10] overwhelmed me with a bittersweet nostalgia and consoled me with the knowl-

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edge that there are others who share a genuine involvement with and deep affection for the game of baseball as it was when it was truly our national pastime—when it was a leisurely, unhurried afternoon in the ball park and before it fell to the frenetic tempo of our speed-age sports psychosis. Can baseball survive the cancer it developed when the accountants commercialized its spirit? When they took baseball out of the sunshine, they took the sunshine out of the greatest game on earth.

Carl H. Roch
Tampa, Fla.

Antiwar Demonstration

Re: Arthur Knight's "Hollywood Goes East Lansing" [*SR*, June 10]. Mr. Knight wrote: "The most overt form that the [antiwar] demonstration . . . took was a long, slow bicyclecade up Grand River Avenue under the watchful eyes of some 600 fully armed, blue-shirted state troopers."

First of all, the "bicyclecade" took place on Friday, May 12, some seventy-two hours after the first demonstration began, and it was hardly "the most overt form" of the antiwar activists in East Lansing. The state police arrived on Tuesday because some 5,000 persons were blocking Grand River Avenue, which just happens to be a six-lane state highway (M-43). On Wednesday morning and again on Thursday morning the troopers moved off the highway those demonstrators who had spent the night there so that traffic could move along this area's main east-west artery.

By Friday afternoon the fire had gone out of the demonstration and the police had withdrawn from the streets. When the bicyclists took to the street at rush hour, several squads of motorized police kept them from blocking traffic.

Anyone who was there—as I was—must reject Mr. Knight's dramatic statement about the "watchful eyes of some 600 fully armed, blue-shirted state troopers." The several hundred troopers, of course, had withdrawn early Friday morning, and, although troopers wear blue shirts (dark blue, I might add), they were armed with truncheons, the standard crowd-control weapon. During the entire three-and-a-half days of demonstrations—and I spent much of that time in the streets—long guns were never seen, and side arms were never uncovered. Tear gas was used for a short period on Tuesday night.

George A. Colburn
Councilman
East Lansing, Mich.

Our Violent Society

The premise of Roger Field's article "The Technology of TV Violence" [*SR*, June 10] is as damaging to society as the violence he is criticizing. Mr. Field opens with, "While congressional committees and parents' organizations debate the possible ill effects of televised and filmed violence on children, scientists and engineers are hard at work figuring out new ways of making video violence more realistic and easier to create in front of a camera."

It is naive to assume that engineers and scientists have control of the uses to which their talents are put. The primary function of technology is to create anything that its host society wishes to have. For the last five years engineers have been pleading with Congress to use their talents to improve society by improving the medical field, solving transportation problems, reducing pollution. Our society, or the influential spokesmen for it, does not wish to accomplish these goals.

America has never hesitated to devote its wealth and resources to perpetuating violence in the form of war. Is it any wonder that our most popular medium mirrors our most popular pastime? If we don't like the image we see, let us not blame those who create it but those who demand its creation.

Michael McIntosh
Greencastle, Pa.

Feeding People

Re: John J. Teal, Jr.'s "Domesticating the Musk Ox: The Gentle Agriculture" [*SR*, June 10]. Among the saddest results of modern ecological fervor are the pronouncements of some ecologists on subjects outside their professional competency. To repeat a statement so patently silly as saying a peasant (in those days certainly an illiterate one), having been taught to drive a tractor, could manage a modern farm, reveals an unfortunate ignorance of the complexity of modern U.S. farming. (The modern farm income tax forms alone are enough to give a highly literate Ph.D. a headache.)

What distresses me most is not Professor Teal's belittling of modern agricultural sciences by superficially equating them with the primitive arts of early agriculturists but rather his failure to show the interested reader just how many people his scheme for "gentle" agriculture will feed. That's the issue—feeding people adequately.

Keith Huston
Manhattan, Kan.

Manhandling

Re: "The Sexist English Language" in Martin Levin's Phoenix Nest [*SR*, June 10]. Edward Anthony's call for the establishment of a Presidential Commission on Wo-person's Linguistic Rights started me thinking about all the work the commission faces. Now that you persontion it, personding should proceed quickly. Genetics books must be changed to refer to Persondelian genetics. Medical books must be rewritten with references to spinal personingitis. Restaurants will have to be notified and told to shift to personus. Amy Vanderbilt must be called and directed to change her focus to personners. Wo-persons must be told that they can expect to go through personopause. Most of you are probably saying, "Personure!" I say, "There is a persondate and aperson." The commission should be appointed immediately and begin the huge task in Personhattan.

Carol Cole
Corvallis, Ore.

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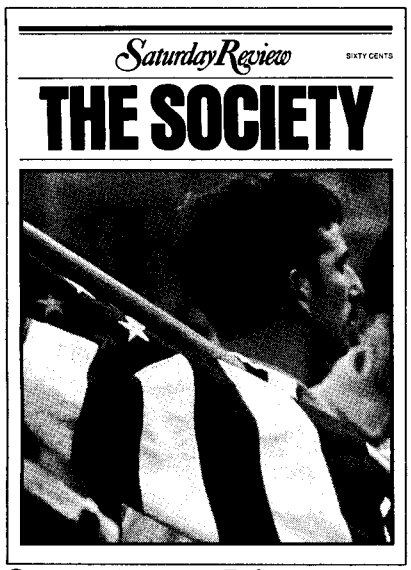

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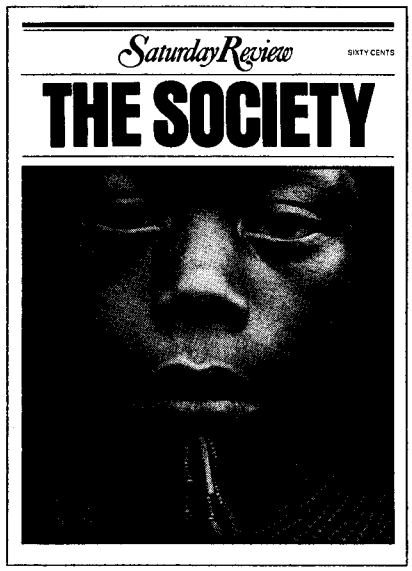

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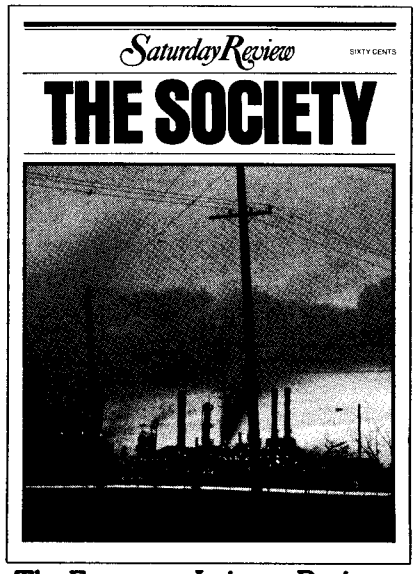

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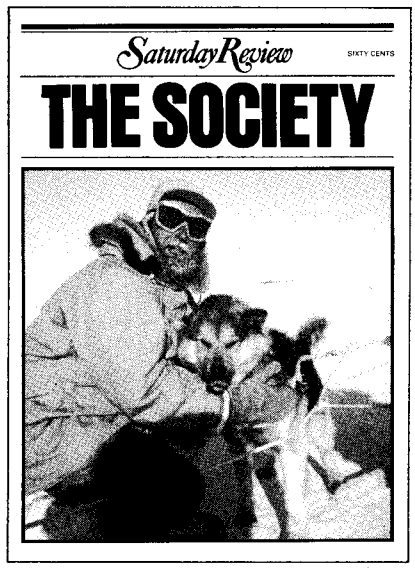

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Editorial

Happy Birthday, U.S.A.—and What Will You Be When You Grow Up?

One hundred ninety-six is a terribly awkward age. It's not old enough to persuade the hoarier nations of Europe and Asia to quit patronizing us for our clumsy inexperience. It's not young enough to give us the luxury of behaving as irresponsibly as some of the newly independent toddlers in Africa. And it's not round enough to occasion a celebration of the sort we are trying, without much success so far, to arrange for our bicentennial in 1976.

Nevertheless, this week does mark our birthday as a nation, and, by tradition, it is a time for at least a perfunctory stocktaking. Are we doing all right—or acting abominably? Are our institutions enduring—or are they nearing the limit of their usefulness? Are we headed in the right direction—or have we long since lost the way?

These days it is almost embarrassing to be anything less than apocalyptic. I'm afraid, however, that my position is considerably short of apocalyptic. George Santayana, the philosopher, once spoke of "the native good-will, complacency, thoughtlessness, and optimism" of the American character. I would like to think that there is a good deal of the first attribute and a reasonable amount of the last but not an iota of the middle two in what follows.

Of course, we have serious and sometimes outrageous defects—arrogance and acquisitiveness, smugness and self-righteousness, for starters. But none need prove fatal, provided we have the will to correct them. The war in Vietnam has proved us too slow to abandon a policy that has become obsolete; too quick to bring our unmatched power to bear on a small and backward land; too ready to allow our elected officials to get away with outright deceit in their prosecution of the war.

We baffle the rest of the world—and ourselves as well—with our astonishing inconsistencies. We lavish money on an interstate highway network but withhold it from more essential urban mass transportation systems. We flock to cities to live and work and then starve them of public funds. We pour billions into medical research but allow private hospitals to go on turning away people who cannot prove that they have adequate health insurance.

Other contradictions abound. No sooner does President Nixon sign a treaty limiting strategic arms than his Defense Secretary requests—demands, really—approval to begin building whole new families of weapons. The administration makes known its intention to widen the use of wiretapping, yet the Supreme Court limits the use of electronic eavesdropping in a wide range of cases. Nixon and a compliant Congress adopt strict limits on the busing of children to achieve school desegregation, and then a Detroit judge orders the most sweeping program of busing to date.

There is a vital American trait that Santayana omitted from his catalogue, and that is impatience. No sooner is a problem perceived than we, as a people are itching to have it solved so that we can return, our consciences eased, to our private concerns. Racial inequality, welfare, housing, auto safety, abortion, tax inequities—once we realize, however belatedly, that we have a problem on our hands, we become obsessed with it until *something* is done. Unfortunately, the something all too often turns out to be inadequate, or half-baked, or all wrong. A recent Brookings Institute study underscores just how often we have hastily adopted a program, only to find ourselves compelled to go back and restructure the whole thing because it was unrealistically expensive or badly conceived or totally misdirected.

No one with sense maintains that democracy is an easy form of government. For those who like things neat, it is too flexible and unruly. For absolutists, it is too accommodating of compromise. There is far too much room for error, and far too many errors are made.

But consider the alternative. In the totalitarian state complete control theoretically—but not in fact—rules out the possibility of such error. Far less dramatic but more acceptable would be greater government control in certain areas, a direction toward which we have been moving for much of this century. Here too, however, the problems are enormous: Government control of what? At what specific level? And what degree of control?

In 1946 the British novelist E. M. Forster wrote, in *Two Cheers for Democracy*: "If we are to answer the challenge of our time successfully, we must manage to combine the new economy and the old morality. The doctrine of *laisser faire* will not work in the material world. It has led to the capitalist jungle. We must have planning and controls, or millions of people will have nowhere to live and nothing to eat. On the other hand, the doctrine of *laisser faire* is the only one that seems to work in the world of the spirit; if you plan and control men's minds, you stunt them, you get the censorship, the secret police, the road to serfdom, the community of slaves. Our economic planners sometimes laugh at us when we are afraid of totalitarian tyranny resulting from their efforts.... But the danger they brush aside is a real one."

This is, of course, the classic conflict between order and freedom, between the need for fences so that vast, unwieldy institutions can be kept under control and the need for open spaces so that the individual spirit will not wither. We are far from resolving that tension. There are a disturbing number of us who would go too far in abridging freedom for the sake of order, or who would take an anarchist tack and insist that freedom should not be curbed in any way at all. Both groups tend to dismiss democracy as being too slow, too inefficient, too wishy-washy to set the world right. More important, both tend to forget that the democratic system is as limited as man and that any other system would suffer—perhaps more severely—from the same limitation.

In *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*, Reinhold Niebuhr, the theologian, wrote: "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." That is not a bad observation to keep in mind as our troubled nation, still far from maturity in both the historical and the political senses, marks No. 196.

Ronald P. Kriss

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Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

EXPERIENCING YOUR BODY: YOU ARE WHAT YOU FEEL

BY SEYMOUR FISHER
WOODCUTS BY RANDALL ENOS

There is no more fascinating sight than your own image looking back at you in a mirror. You are drawn to it in a half-embarrassed way, excited and intensely involved. Do you remember the last time someone showed you a photograph of yourself? Wasn't there a surge of feeling and a deep curiosity about "How do I look?" Perhaps, too, you have noticed the strange entrancement even animals display at the sight of their mirror double.

Your body encompasses a sector of space that is uniquely your own. It represents your base of operations in the world, the outward manifestation of your being and identity. No other object is so persistently with you. Unceasingly, even when you are asleep, you receive enormous quantities of information from your body. Your decisions, fantasies, even your dreams are influenced by the sensations emanating from it. Yet it is only in the last two decades that serious scientific attention has been given to the study of the body as a psychological phenomenon.

For centuries scientists have studied the body as an anatomical structure and a biological system, leaving its psychological aspects to other disciplines. Artists and writers, for example, traditionally have devoted great energy to capturing the "feel" of the body in dramatic contexts. Eastern philosophies such as yoga have enjoyed a considerable measure of Western popularity in recent years, in part because of their supposed power to put the individual closer to his own body. Similarly, the so-called "drug culture" has drawn on body experience; LSD users, for example, report that the chemical frequently produces the feeling that parts of the body have become detached or that the boundary between the body and the outside world has dissipated.

But even the average person must admit to a curiosity about his body and a preoccupation with the psychological experiences it presents to him. He is concerned about the impression his body makes on others; he experiences anxiety about the potential vulnerability of his body to disease and trauma; he uses "gut" cues to help him decide whether or not to get involved with certain people or confront certain situations; he puts out large sums of money to shape and camouflage his appearance so that it will conform to his idealized concept of the "good body." Indeed, a major portion of advertising is devoted to products that claim to improve the individual's relationship with his body—by making it cleaner, more fragrant, stronger, sexier.

Although we experience our bodies more intensely than any other objects, we are just beginning to understand the way body image influences our behavior.

The task of making sense of our own bodies is not as simple as we might hope or expect. As each individual matures, he is confronted with the problems of integrating an endless barrage of sensations and assimilating the meanings adults ascribe to various sectors of his frame. He discovers complicated rules prescribing the areas he can touch, talk about, look at, and even think about. He is puzzled by the multiple, and often opposed meanings assigned to the same body area. He learns, for example, that the back of his body is simultaneously a spatial dimension, a place where punishment is applied, and a locus for concern about anal sphincter control; yet the same area also remains obscure because he cannot even get a direct view of it.

The child's attempt to construct a complete psychological map of his

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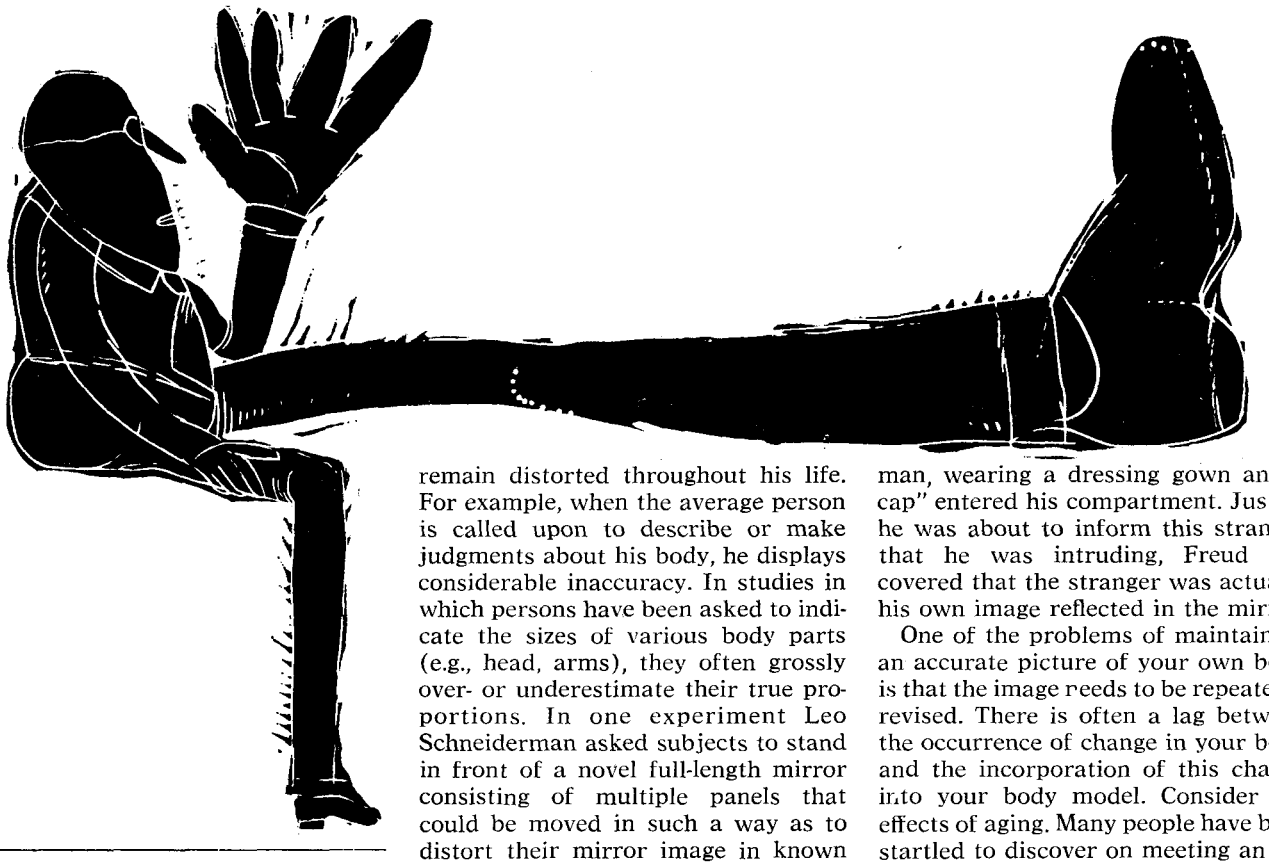

In a culture that distrusts body experiences, a realistic view of the body is nearly impossible.

body is further hindered by the negative messages he receives from others about such an enterprise. His parents are reluctant to talk about body events and, in fact, become angry or embarrassed when he explicitly mentions certain organs or orifices. He learns that the available vocabulary for describing his own body experiences is sparse and tinged with an illicit flavor. Moreover, the child soon realizes that the culture does not trust body experiences; his education focuses on cultivating intellectual capacities, but his teachers insist that he control body impulses that are likely to "break out" if not closely monitored. Growing up in such an atmosphere, a child finds it almost impossible to examine or codify his body experiences realistically. Hasty glimpses of body terrain and fragments of anatomical information must be pieced together with little or no outside help. For these reasons, the individual is inclined to view his body as having alien qualities and to entertain numerous irrational notions about it.

In fact, although an individual experiences his body more often and in far greater depth than he does any other object in his environment, his perceptions of this, his dearest possession, remain distorted throughout his life. For example, when the average person is called upon to describe or make judgments about his body, he displays considerable inaccuracy. In studies in which persons have been asked to indicate the sizes of various body parts (e.g., head, arms), they often grossly over- or underestimate their true proportions. In one experiment Leo Schneiderman asked subjects to stand in front of a novel full-length mirror consisting of multiple panels that could be moved in such a way as to distort their mirror image in known quantitative terms. When subjects were confronted with the distorted image and asked to reconstruct their true appearance by manipulating the movable mirror panels, they frequently erred. They were indeed surprised to discover how vague their knowledge of their own appearance really was.

Other investigators have found that it is not very difficult to arrange conditions in which the individual fails to recognize pictures of himself. For example, if you take a picture of an individual's shadow profile without his knowledge and subsequently show him a series of shadow profile pictures that include his own as well as those of several other individuals, he will rarely recognize his own. But if you ask him to guess about the personal qualities of each profile pictured, he will say more favorable things about his own silhouette than he will about the others. This repeatedly validated finding suggests that even where there is lack of conscious recognition, one's own image still elicits defensive ego involvement (in the form of self-praise) at the unconscious level. Lack of conscious recognition has also been demonstrated with respect to pictures of one's hands, and even one's face, if presented for only a brief duration.

Freud was one of the first to note, anecdotally, the difficulty we have in identifying our own image when we come across it unexpectedly. The eminent doctor was sitting in a train sleeping car when a sudden jolt opened the door of the washroom and "an aged man, wearing a dressing gown and a cap" entered his compartment. Just as he was about to inform this stranger that he was intruding, Freud discovered that the stranger was actually his own image reflected in the mirror.

One of the problems of maintaining an accurate picture of your own body is that the image needs to be repeatedly revised. There is often a lag between the occurrence of change in your body and the incorporation of this change into your body model. Consider the effects of aging. Many people have been startled to discover on meeting an old friend after a long separation that the friend perceives much greater signs of aging than the individual had recognized in himself. This lag is especially apparent in the blind. For example, a man of middle age who had lost his sight when he was young told me that his image of himself was still that of the child he had last seen in the mirror years ago. Although others responded to him as a middle-aged adult, he could only visualize himself physically in the form of a young boy.

The so-called "phantom limb" provides another striking example of the difficulty in keeping one's body image up to date. When a person loses a projecting body part such as an arm or a nose because of trauma or surgery, he often continues to experience that part as if it were still present. The sensations that seem to emanate from beyond the stump are often so vivid that he may momentarily forget about his loss and try to use the missing part. After a while, however, the phantom limb fades and usually disappears permanently. This phenomenon has been attributed by some to the fact that the sudden loss of a major body sector is too radical a change to "accept." Only gradually does the new pattern of body sensations become assimilated, and the body concept therefore becomes more accurate.

Although the oblique way in which the individual builds up and maintains a model of his body makes it difficult for him to use body cues rationally, there is no doubt that whatever model

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he *does* evolve strongly influences his behavior. The individual's body concept is an influential intermediary in his transactions with what is "out there." A person who regards his body as weak and fragile will behave less boldly than one who perceives his body as a well-defended place. Similarly, a person who turns away from his body because he experiences it as bad and ugly may turn to intellectual activities as compensation.

Many sophisticated and reliable procedures for evaluating a person's body concept now are available. Reactions to one's mirror image, inkblot interpretations, drawings of the human figure, estimates of body size—such measures of body feelings have proven to be diversely correlated with personality traits, ability to tolerate stress, conduct in intimate group situations, and even psychosomatic symptoms.

Some of the most interesting work being done today by body image researchers is aimed at demonstrating that body experiences can shape an individual's interpretations of the outside world. In a rather ingenious study, Stuart Valins asked men in a laboratory setting to judge the attractiveness of a series of pictures of seminude girls. The men were told that while they were making these judgments their heart rate would be recorded. However, it was added, because of a "defect" in the equipment, they would be able to hear the sound of the heartbeat as it was being picked up. Valins proceeded to manipulate the faked audible heartbeat so that it changed perceptibly while each man was judging certain of the pictures, but remained unchanged for all the others. The final judgments were significant; the men decided that the most attractive pictures were those of the girls they were looking at when they thought their heart rate had changed. The findings of this study, replicated by other investigators, demonstrated that each man's perception of what seemed to be going on within his own body had a definite impact on his opinions of the world around him.

Another experiment found that a person's mood can be influenced by artificially molding his facial muscles. Explaining to his experimental subjects that he was studying the activity of facial muscles, James D. Laird manipulated these muscles so that to an external observer the subjects seemed either to be "smiling" or "frowning." The subjects had no idea what expression the experimenter had "put on" their face by means of his manipulations. Yet when measures of mood were obtained, the "frown"and "smile" conditions were found to produce opposite mood effects. Somehow, the position of the facial muscles was perceived and interpreted, causing a significant shift in how happy or sad the individual felt.

To maintain a clear picture of the body, the image must be repeatedly revised.

Rorschach inkblots provide another illustration of the influence that one's body sensations have on his perception of the outside world. The Rorschach, of course, is based on a long-standing psychological theory that one's interpretations of ambiguous stimuli will reveal hidden problems that the individual does not consciously recognize or is afraid to talk about freely. But in studies conducted in my own laboratory, Sidney Cleveland and I discovered that feelings about the body alone can influence the way a person interprets the vague patterns presented to him. The way an individual experiences the outer, peripheral regions of his body will be expressed in the peripheral regions of the objects he creates from the inkblots. For example, people differ in how clearly they perceive their body to have a defensive sheath capable of protecting them from intrusion. Some feel open and vulnerable; others feel well-fortified. The more secure an individual feels about his body boundaries, we discovered, the more he produces Rorschach images with protective sheltering qualities: caves with rocky walls, turtles with hard shells, tanks, shields, persons covered with blankets.

An individual's feelings of boundary security are correlated with how clearly he is aware of his boundary sheath—skin and muscle. Heightened awareness of this sheath seems to contribute to a sense of being adequately bounded and thus more secure. Many of us have employed this trick in fearful surroundings. Lying in bed, a home owner becomes anxious about a break-in and pictures the enclosing walls of his house. A driver entering a storm assures himself of his safety by glancing at the walls of his metal cocoon. Perhaps even more common is the preference many people have for small bedrooms or tight-fitting clothing.

With this notion of body security in mind, we conducted several experiments to determine if heightened awareness of the body sheath would have an effect on the interpretation of inkblots. In one experimental condition, subjects were exposed to experiences that caused them to focus on their skin and muscle. They were asked to report the occurrence of sensations in these areas while various

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Some people experience their bodies as open and vulnerable; others feel well-fortified.

stimuli, such as stroking, were applied to the skin. In the second condition, attention was drawn away from the outside of the body and focused upon the interior, with subjects reporting such phenomena as heart sensations or the feel of swallowing a glass of water. The results of these manipulations validated our assumption that awareness of certain body areas will affect one's feeling of security and, in turn, the perceptions of the outside world. When attention was focused on the skin and muscles, the number of protected inkblot images, such as a man in armor, rose; when attention was directed toward the interior, such inkblot fantasies decreased.

A person's body experiences may permeate his outlook in a number of unique ways. Studies have shown that if a subject is asked to compose imaginative stories, his tales will be affected by whether he is lying down or sitting up; his judgment of how far away an object is will depend on whether or not he feels the object has a meaningful relationship to his body; his beliefs about how friendly others are toward him may depend upon his faith in the security of his body boundaries, and so forth.

All of these body experiences will affect the activities of normal, healthy individuals. But what happens to the body model during psychological breakdown? For years psychiatric literature has suggested that schizophrenics suffer gross fragmentation of the body model. Vivid case histories have been published about schizophrenics who fancy that they have lost important chunks of their anatomy or who perceive their bodies as grotesquely altered—"dead," or transformed into the opposite sex, for example. However, more systematic studies have revealed that the body model stands up pretty well to the impact of the schizophrenic process. In fact, investigators have had a difficult time demonstrating truly impressive differences between psychiatric patients and normals in their mode of body experience. When one sifts through the scientific literature about this matter, only a few limited conclusions seem warranted. Schizophrenic patients *do* report a greater number of distorted and unusual body sensations than do normal persons, but the difference is small. And, somewhat surprisingly, schizophrenics do not exceed neurotic patients in this respect. Even in the throes of severe disturbance, the body concept seems to remain relatively well-preserved.

One specific dimension that *has* shown promise in differentiating psychiatric patients from normal persons is perception of body size. Psychiatric patients are concerned about sensations of body shrinkage and smallness. They feel reduced in stature or perceive one or more body parts to be smaller than they should be. When asked to make numerical estimates of the sizes of various body parts, they usually overreact, either underestimating or compensatorily overestimating the true proportions.

I have suggested that these perceptions of shrinkage represent a view of self that is depreciated and devalued. The psychiatric patient is often one who, in his own eyes, has failed or suffered major rejection by the culture. He feels lowly and unwanted, and his Lilliputian sensations reflect his downgraded view of himself.

In the course of probing the nature of abnormal body experiences, we have learned that certain body feelings, once considered [illegible]y pathognomic, are actually quite normal. A good example is provided by the phenomenon of *depersonalization*. Early psychiatric literature asserted that the patient who reports that his body feels alien, as if it did not belong to him, had a particularly poor prognosis for recovery. Depersonalization was supposed to be a mark of advanced pathology. However, several investigators have recently reported that depersonalization is a common reaction to stress among normal persons. For example, depersonalization has been prominently detected in normal persons who become anxious when swallowing an unknown drug during an experiment. There seems to be adaptive value in responding to stress-induced anxiety by getting "distance" from your own body, thereby decreasing personal involvement with it. Furthermore, normal persons who differ in their use of depersonalization also differ in other aspects of their behavior. For example, they have contrasting ways of responding to certain kinds of sexual stimulation. I have found that women who prefer vaginal stimulation to manual clitoral stimulation in reaching orgasm have an unusually strong depersonalized perspective toward their own body. I have described these findings in detail in *The Female Orgasm: Personality, Physiology, Fantasy*, published by Basic Books.

It would be impossible for anyone to attend simultaneously to all of the things happening in his body. He would be overwhelmed and ultimately confused. Just as one learns to attend to only certain auditory stimuli, each person must learn to attend to the various sectors of his body in some pattern that is meaningful and useful to him. Each individual, we have found, actually is rather consistent in his style of distributing body attention, although such consistency holds true more for men than for women. One man may be unusually aware of his head, another of his legs, and still another of the right as compared with the left side of his body. What is an outstanding body landmark for one may be almost invisible for another. Also, we have learned that each body sector is associated with a fairly distinct conflict or tension theme.

Specific conflict themes turn out to be linked to the following areas: head, back versus front, mouth, eyes, stomach, heart, right versus left. For example, the male with heightened awareness of his back (as compared to the front of his body) is often preoccupied with urges to express hostile soiling feelings toward others that evoke alarm in him because they are experienced as dirty and indicative of loss of self-control (perhaps in a way reminis-

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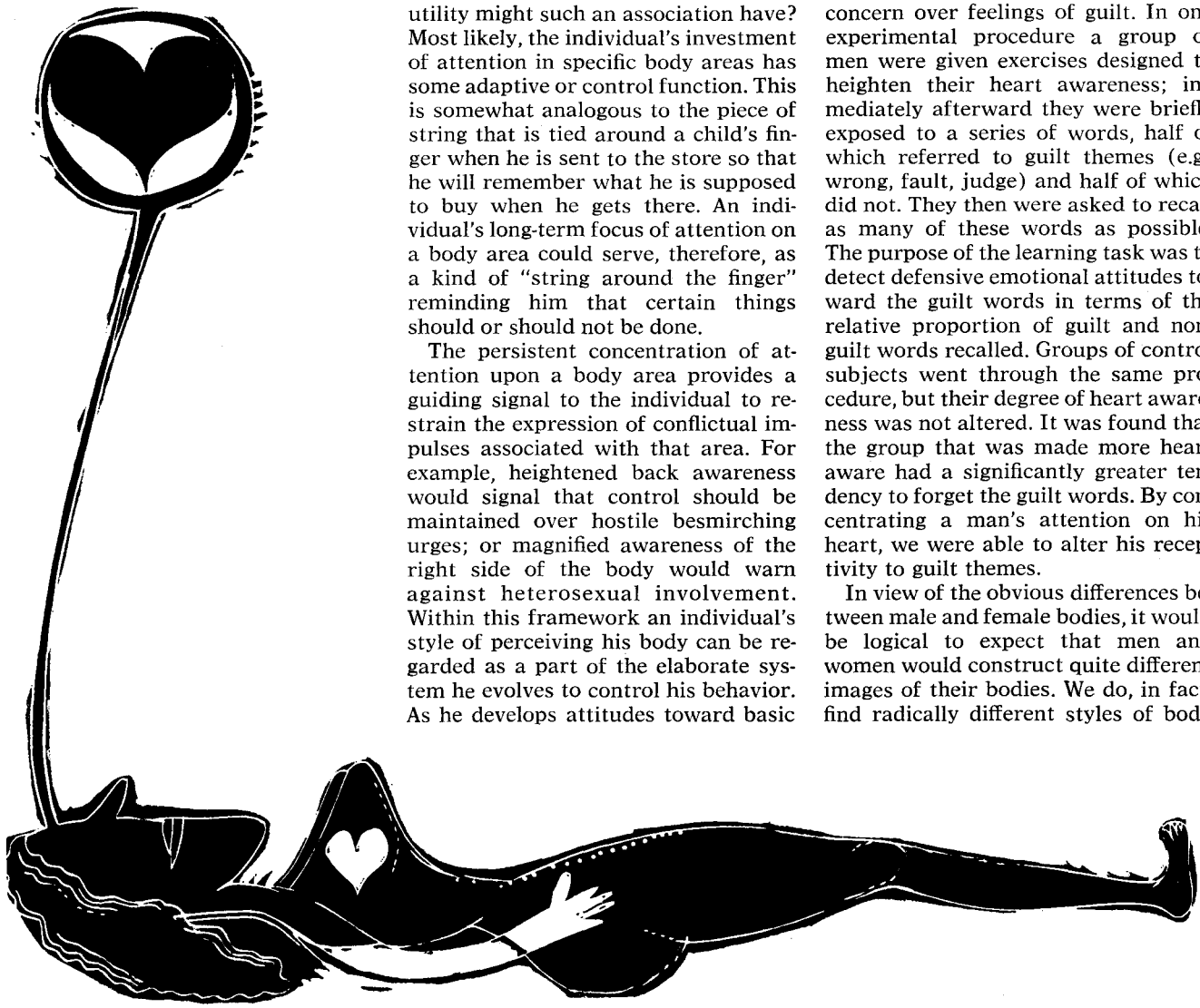

A person with great awareness of his heart is probably prone to strong guilt feelings.

cent of the child who fails to control his anal sphincter as expected by his parents). The male with heightened awareness of his heart is religiously oriented and especially conflicted about guilt feelings. One of the most intriguing patterns we discovered indicated that the male who is grossly more aware of the right as compared with the left side of his body is in conflict about his sexual relationship with women. He feels inhibited in the presence of women, is less likely to date, and gets anxious when confronted by stimuli with sexual connotations. From such findings we concluded that when an individual habitually concentrates a large amount of attention upon a body sector he is doing so because that sector is linked with a conflictual issue that persistently troubles him. What utility might such an association have? Most likely, the individual's investment of attention in specific body areas has some adaptive or control function. This is somewhat analogous to the piece of string that is tied around a child's finger when he is sent to the store so that he will remember what he is supposed to buy when he gets there. An individual's long-term focus of attention on a body area could serve, therefore, as a kind of "string around the finger" reminding him that certain things should or should not be done.

The persistent concentration of attention upon a body area provides a guiding signal to the individual to restrain the expression of conflictual impulses associated with that area. For example, heightened back awareness would signal that control should be maintained over hostile besmirching urges; or magnified awareness of the right side of the body would warn against heterosexual involvement. Within this framework an individual's style of perceiving his body can be regarded as a part of the elaborate system he evolves to control his behavior. As he develops attitudes toward basic issues in the world, they become coded in terms of differential awareness of specific body parts.

The regulatory function of this concentration of awareness is apparent in the much simpler case of monitoring the muscles of an arm to keep it rigid or the sphincter muscles of a full bladder to inhibit urination. There is also interesting anecdotal information in the psychiatric literature about instances in which patients, having been psychotherapeutically relieved of a preoccupation with sensations or minor symptoms in a body part, suddenly show a dramatic release of affect upon some theme. The investment of concern in the body area apparently served to inhibit awareness of the underlying anxiety that came to the surface when the superficial concern was removed.

We have also completed experiments in which we artificially altered the individual's awareness of a body part to demonstrate the control function of concentration on that region. The greater the amount of attention a man habitually directs to his heart, the greater his religiosity and anxious concern over feelings of guilt. In one experimental procedure a group of men were given exercises designed to heighten their heart awareness; immediately afterward they were briefly exposed to a series of words, half of which referred to guilt themes (e.g., wrong, fault, judge) and half of which did not. They then were asked to recall as many of these words as possible. The purpose of the learning task was to detect defensive emotional attitudes toward the guilt words in terms of the relative proportion of guilt and nonguilt words recalled. Groups of control subjects went through the same procedure, but their degree of heart awareness was not altered. It was found that the group that was made more heart aware had a significantly greater tendency to forget the guilt words. By concentrating a man's attention on his heart, we were able to alter his receptivity to guilt themes.

In view of the obvious differences between male and female bodies, it would be logical to expect that men and women would construct quite different images of their bodies. We do, in fact, find radically different styles of body perception related to sex. At this moment in history the question of body superiority-inferiority most naturally arises. Freud did little for the women's movement by explicitly declaring that the female has a depreciated, inferior concept of her body. A little girl is traumatized, he reasoned, upon discovering that her genital organ is different from the male's, whose phallic attributes are equated with power and strength. Presumably, this trauma leaves indelible scars; she is destined to interpret her lack of a penis as a sign of body inferiority. Thus the idea grew that the average woman is less secure and more disturbed about her body than is the average man.

Body image research, however, indicates that precisely the opposite is true. For example, we put a series of male and female rubber masks on the faces of men and women and requested the subjects to describe each mask as they glimpsed it in a mirror when a light flashed on. To our surprise, the men were made much more anxious than the women by this procedure. They were flustered by the female masks and made significantly

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more errors when trying to describe the characteristics of their disguised appearance. The solidity of these observations was affirmed by a second study that produced the same results. It was apparent that the men were less able to cope adequately with the change in body concept imposed by the experimental condition.

Other scientific evidence indicates a similar trend. It has been demonstrated that the average woman perceives her body to be better protected and enclosed by a more secure boundary than does the average man. In one study we found that the male was more disturbed by the threat of injecting adrenaline into his body than was the female. Other investigators have observed that men are relatively more preoccupied with themes of body destruction. Even in their dreams men portray themselves as threatened by imminent body damage more often than do women. Several appraisals of males and females hospitalized for surgery reveal greater anxiety in men than in women about the body-threatening implications of the situation. Men may carefully control their open expression of such anxiety, but inwardly they are more disturbed than women.

In addition to the perception of body threat, there is another important difference in the way males and females experience their bodies. Diverse sources have noted that women are more aware of their body feelings than are men and that they are more positive in accepting these experiences. David J. Van Lennep reported that female children not only display greater body awareness than male children, but the magnitude of this difference between the sexes becomes larger after adolescence. In addition, the degree of body awareness in women is known to be correlated with positive attributes such as a clear sense of identity, while in men it is linked with certain categories of conflictual preoccupation. This confirms what we already observe in everyday life. Girls and women invest much more open interest in the body than do their male counterparts. They feel free to study their own appearance and to experiment with techniques for altering it by means of clothing and cosmetics. A male who displays much direct or open interest in his body (except with reference to athletic activities) is regarded as a deviant.

A woman apparently sees a clearer and more meaningful relationship between her body and her life role than a man. Despite the influence of Women's Liberation, the chief goals of most women still revolve about being attractive, entering into marriage, and producing children. Such aims readily permit the female to see her body as a vehicle for her life career. This is not true for the man. Unless he becomes a professional athlete, he can perceive little connection between his body attributes and the requirements for status and success. Male power and accomplishment are increasingly defined in terms of intellect, cleverness, business acumen, and so forth. The low status jobs are the ones that require body strength. As I have reported in *Body Experience in Fantasy and Behavior* (Appleton-Century-Crofts), an important contribution of the research on body experience is that it has cast serious doubt on stereotyped ideas about the inferiority of the feminine body concept.

Our expanding knowledge about the body as a psychological object encourages thought about the potential practical and therapeutic applications of this knowledge. Intriguing possibilities are becoming visible. For example, efforts are under way in both Europe and the United States to evaluate the potentialities of treating psychological disturbance by altering body experience. Austin M. Des Lauriers has suggested that a major problem of the schizophrenic is that he has lost an articulated image of his body; without it he has little individuality or ability to test reality. Des Lauriers has devised therapeutic techniques to make the schizophrenic more aware of his body, particularly its boundary, and claims considerable clinical success with this approach. Others have indirectly affirmed Des Lauriers's concepts by demonstrating that exercise and systematic stimulation that highlight muscle and skin sensations in the schizophrenic individual do, indeed, increase his boundary security.

Body image research suggests that women are more secure about their bodies than men.

Alterations of body experience also are being explored with "emotionally disturbed" children and those with serious learning problems. Preliminary findings suggest that certain types of learning difficulties may be improved by giving the child a more realistic image of his body, especially its spatial dimensions.

Research analyses of body feelings may prove to be of value in clarifying puzzling complications that arise when people must adapt to body disabilities and medical procedures. We now know that fantasies of body vulnerability may cause an individual to respond with grossly inappropriate distress to minor body trauma and to fail completely to adjust to more serious chronic disablement. We have leads that suggest that the amount and kind of psychological disturbance evoked by an injury may depend upon subtle differences in its location upon the body. An injury on the right side may pose a different form of threat than one on the left side; trauma to the back may arouse different kinds of anxieties than if it involved the front. Body attitudes also seem to play a role in the perplexing problem of why people delay in seeking medical treatment after they discover a serious symptom in themselves. Often the delay is so great that a disease process will have advanced to a point where it is no longer amenable to treatment. Paradoxically, it appears that the individual who feels secure about his body is most inclined toward such irrational delay. Finally, it should be noted that we are beginning to see body attitudes as potentially powerful predictors of the psychological effects produced by various drugs. This is quite logical if we remember that an important part of the impact of drugs involves alterations of body sensations.

Various individuals and cults currently acknowledge the importance of the experienced body as a basic component of life adjustment. It is interesting that heightened concern with body experience has coincided with the investigation of body image in the psychological laboratories and clinics. Here, however, the similarity ends: Those involved with these cults or movements are unwilling to wait for the facts to come in. Instead, they have embarked on impulsive quests via drugs and meditation, for example, in the hope of hitting upon new principles that will make possible "revolutionary" innovations in the body model and overall well-being. But the odds are against these haphazard approaches. Only systematic study will provide sound principles and realistic techniques for altering body experience in helpful ways. Indeed, there is little doubt that the body image is one of the most important—and, ironically, most neglected—phenomena in the scientific quest for understanding of our psychological selves. □

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AMPHETAMINES RECONSIDERED

BY LESTER GRINSPOON, M.D., AND PETER HEDBLOM

Historically, there is ample evidence that drug abuse antedated drug therapy, just as toxicology paved the way for pharmacology. Primitive man seems to have been more interested in poisons than in medicines. Even the Greek physician Hippocrates, although he recommended natural salicylates from willow trees for eye disease and the pain associated with childbirth, considered most drugs essentially useless. (However, when the Athenians decided to dispose of Socrates, they had a most effective herb on hand.) Today, in the case of amphetamines, the tape is being run backward at increasing speed. Pharmacology is reverting to toxicology. Abuse of these truly addicting and dangerous drugs has reached frightening proportions. For example, of the more than twelve billion standard-dose amphetamine tablets produced in 1971, an estimated 50 per cent were diverted to the flourishing black market to supplement huge amounts of "home-cooked speed."

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In 1887 the German pharmacologist L. Edeleano first synthesized phenylisopropylamine, the drug that would eventually become famous as Benzedrine. However, he was not interested in exploring its pharmacological properties and put this extraordinary stimulant at the back of the shelf. Not until 1910 did G. Barger and Sir H. H. Dale investigate the effects on experimental animals of this and a series of closely related chemical compounds that they called "sympathomimetic amines." But no one in America or England grasped the implications of their findings for another seventeen years. Although Barger and Dale did hint that some of these drugs might possess powerful central nervous system–stimulating properties, the only point that seemed of interest to the few readers who digested their technical and dense paper was that most of these sympathomimetic amines had essentially the same alerting effects on the physiological systems of cats (and presumably humans) as did epinephrine (adrenaline), the first hormone to be synthesized.

The next pharmacological advance toward the eventual rediscovery of the amphetamines was initiated by the Chinese physician-pharmacologist K. K. Chen, who embarked on a comprehensive analysis of the ancient codifications of naturally occurring (herbal) drugs. Chen was struck by the large number of references, beginning in 2760 B.C., to the desert herb *Ma Huang* (*Ephedra vulgaris*) as a specific remedy for asthma and other respiratory ailments. Chen learned that the active principle of *Ma Huang* was the alkaloid ephedrine, which was very closely related to epinephrine. Accordingly, Chen and his colleague, C. F. Schmidt, in 1924 published the results of their preliminary investigations, pointing out that ephedrine was superior to epinephrine. As a direct result of this and subsequent reporting by Chen and Schmidt, the medical use of ephedrine increased at such a fantastic rate that some physicians began to fear that natural supplies would be exhausted. Consequently, research pharmacologists set out on a new search for an ephedrine substitute. George Piness was aware of Edeleano's discovery and suggested to Gordon Alles, who was engaged in research involving amino acids, that Alles might shift his energies to looking for a synthetic amine substitute for ephedrine. Alles in 1927 confirmed Piness's hunch by concluding that the most effective such substitute was the original amphetamine synthesized by Edeleano. It was Alles who first named this drug Benzedrine, because, when it

Bennies, superman pills, coast-to-coasts, brain pills, black beauties, the confidence drug, speed—no matter what you call them, amphetamines are dangerous, truly addicting drugs.

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was exposed to air, it rapidly changed to the carbonate that has the chemical name *benzyl-methyl-carbinamine*.

Because of his willingness to use himself as a human guinea pig, Alles quickly discovered that amphetamine was active whether inhaled or taken orally, and he also found that Benzedrine was surpassed by its dextro (right-handed) isomer in its ability to alleviate fatigue, increase or intensify his alertness, and make him feel euphorically confident, even when it kept him awake long into the night. This dextro isomer was eventually marketed as dextro-amphetamine, or Dexedrine.

F. P. Nabenhauer, the chief chemist at the drug house of Smith, Kline & French, soon found out about Alles's work and began to experiment with various commercial applications of amphetamine in conjunction with his firm's patented inhaling device. The executives at Smith, Kline & French realized the potential bonanza this new class of synthetic ephedrine substitute represented and persuaded Alles to sell them all his patent rights. In 1932 their Benzedrine inhaler was first made available to the public, by nonprescription, over-the-counter sale in drugstores across the country. The American Medical Association gave this new drug the generic name "amphetamine," from *a*lpha-*m*ethyl-*phe*n*e*thyl-*amine*. In a mild parenthetical warning note, the AMA cautioned that "continued overdosage" might cause "restlessness and sleeplessness," but it also assured physicians that "no serious reactions have been observed." In late 1937 the AMA approved the new drug in tablet form, recognizing it as an acceptable therapeutic medication for the treatment of narcolepsy and also of postencephalitic Parkinsonism. The AMA further stated that Benzedrine was "useful" in the treatment of "certain depressive psychopathic conditions" and that persons "under the strict supervision of a physician" could even take amphetamine in order to capture "a sense of increased energy or capacity for work, or a feeling of exhilaration."

Soon the nation's several media (especially *Time* magazine, which called the new drug "poisonous") were giving amphetamines a considerable amount of sensational publicity, all of which did nothing to discourage use. Quite to the contrary, the numerous references to these "brain," "pep," and "superman" pills in the popular press, even when phrased ostensibly as warnings, acted mainly to arouse the curiosity and interest of the American people. Most important, however, was the quick and amazingly enthusiastic reception accorded these inhalers and pills by the medical profession. The AMA was especially influential in reinforcing the general impression that this was indeed a new wonder drug.

Public attitudes toward the amphetamines initially (and for many years) were either positive, neutral, or merely humorous. The persons who used them did not, in the vast majority of cases, fit into any traditional stereotypes of "dope fiends." As long as the medical community was willing to accept the manufacturers' claims, no one was going to question why, in 1932, virtually any new psychoactive "medicine" could be marketed without any proof of either safety or efficacy. Nor did the AMA, the Food and Drug Administration, or the Federal Bureau of Narcotics have any legal or sublegal authority to deny a drug company the right to sell nearly any chemical not specifically forbidden by the Harrison Act of 1914. For example, all the Food and Drug Administration could do was to recommend appropriate therapeutic indications; it had absolutely no power to limit or warn against consumer purchasing of drugs for which prescriptions were not required, and the last nonprescription amphetamine inhaler was not removed from the market until 1971. Furthermore, the amphetamines clearly demonstrated the ease with which drug manufacturers could expand claims for their products and advertise their usefulness in an unlimited range of areas. Some drug firms obtained patents for their amphetamine congeners and combinations on the basis of these drugs' alleged "antidepressant" actions and then expanded their advertising claims to include the "treatment" of conditions as disparate as obesity, alcoholism, enuresis, and so on. Other firms followed different paths, starting from the claim that their product was "uniquely effective" in the treatment of obesity but employing the same basic tactics. Somehow, supporting articles and thinly disguised testimonials invariably appeared in "reputable" medical organs, such as the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, just prior to the publication of advertisements extending the reasons for prescribing amphetamines. Although only a few of these reports were exposed as fraudulent, most of them were clearly biased, did not use random sampling or double-blind techniques, and frequently drew dubious conclusions. Complementing the enthusiastic overprescribing of amphetamines by physicians is the fact that since the 1930s there have been other ways in which the public could procure these "euphoriants." In short, amphetamines can be secured with little or no assistance by or interference from organized medicine, the Food and Drug Administration, or any state or federal drug abuse control authorities.

First, there were the inhalers. Although Smith, Kline & French held the patent on the Benzedrine inhaler until 1950, other drug companies quickly realized that they could sell their own imitations without fear of patent-infringement suit because Benzedrine was only one of an almost unlimited variety of equally stimulating, euphorigenic, and toxic amphetamine congeners. By the end of World War II there were at least seven different inhalers containing large amounts of these drugs on the market, and all of them could be purchased without a prescription at drug or grocery stores. All were easy to break open, and the number of techniques of ingestion was limited only by the ingenuity of the abusers. Although soaking the cotton fillers in alcohol or in coffee and then drinking the solution produced the desired effects, a much stronger kick could be obtained by chewing on these bits of cotton or by simply swallowing them whole. The extent of inhaler abuse was finally documented in the medical literature by the now classic study conducted by R. R. Monroe and H. H. Drell in late 1947. They found that about 25 per cent of more than 1,000 military prisoners questioned openly admitted to abuse of amphetamine inhalers. Monroe and Drell stressed that their figures were "deceptively low" because amphetamine intoxication was considered a grave offense by the military prison authorities. The actual extent of inhaler abuse may have exceeded 40 per cent in this army-stockade population. Prison life could not be blamed; more than 95 per cent of the men had begun to take amphetamines after induction into the army but before incarceration. It was apparent that these men resorted to inhalers because, unlike soldiers outside stockades, they did not have access to Benzedrine in pill form. Monroe and Drell were also careful to point out that most of these prisoners were not criminals but "essentially normal persons who were merely victims of circumstances or severe situational stress."

In the years following issuance of the Monroe report the abuse of amphetamine inhalers became such an obvious sociomedical problem that many drug firms withdrew their products from the market. The remaining drug firms were supposedly forced to drop their inhalers in 1959, when these amphetamine sources were finally banned by the Food and Drug Administration except as prescription items. However, this ban was almost totally ineffective; it applied only to devices containing Benzedrine and dextro-amphetamine. This left a major loophole that was seized upon by a number of drug houses. In fact, one small Midwest firm began to market its Valo inhaler,

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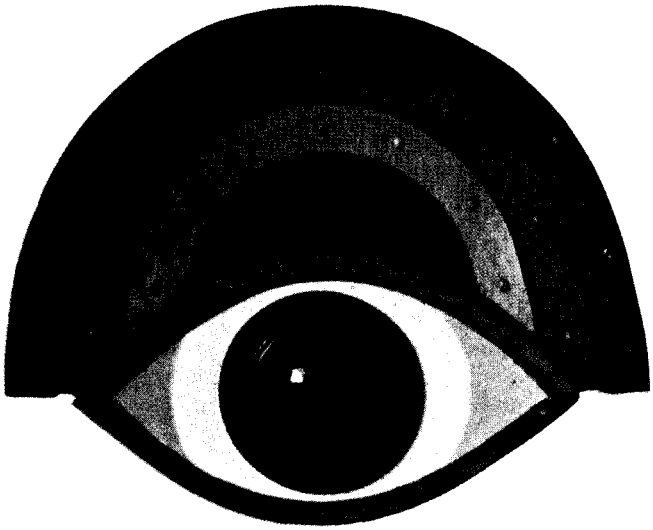

It Makes Some People Euphorically Confident...

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containing 150 mg of methamphetamine, *after* the Food and Drug Administration ban had gone into effect. The ultimate in inhaler abuse—intravenous injection of the contents—was first reported in 1959 and was soon fairly widespread. As late as March of 1970 B. M. Angrist and his co-workers reported four cases of amphetamine psychosis resulting from abuse of the Wyamine inhaler, which contained 250 mg of mephentermine, representing ten to twenty times the usually prescribed central nervous system–stimulating dose. The Wyamine inhaler was finally withdrawn from the market on June 22, 1971, because of pressure from the Justice Department. But, even though inhalers introduced millions of young people to amphetamines, most users found that it was just as easy to procure the pills. In the first three years after Benzedrine was introduced in tablet form, sales climbed to more than fifty million units.

World War II probably was responsible for spurring both the legal medically authorized use and the illegal black-market abuse of the amphetamines. When German Panzer troops overwhelmed Poland, then Denmark and Norway, and drove through Belgium and France, they were taking huge doses of methamphetamine to eliminate fatigue and maintain physical endurance. But the Wehrmacht was by no means the sole large-scale consumer of amphetamines during World War II; Japanese soldiers and factory workers used as much or more. Nor was use of these stimulants confined to the Axis powers. According to British war statistics, seventy-two million standard-dose amphetamine tablets were distributed to the British armed forces alone. Although the U.S. armed forces did not authorize the issuing of amphetamines on a regular basis until the time of the Korean conflict, Benzedrine was used extensively by army air corps personnel stationed in Britain, and it was an open secret that many pilots were engaged in a mammoth bootlegging operation. Amphetamines were also easily obtainable from military medical officers and aides. The amount of Benzedrine supplied to U.S. servicemen by the British has been estimated at nearly 80 million tablets and pills, and probably another 80 to 100 million were supplied by U.S. Army medics.

If only 10 per cent of the American fighting men ever used amphetamines during World War II, more than 1.5 million returned to this country with some firsthand knowledge of the effects of these drugs. Indeed, in recent years the armed forces have constituted a veritable breeding ground for the abuse of all kinds of drugs, especially the amphetamines. According to the Select Committee on Crime, "Over the past four years, the navy seems to have required more stimulants than any other branch of the services. [Its] annual active pill-per-person requirement averaged 21.1 during the years 1966–1969. The air force has flown almost as high by requiring 17.5 ten-milligram doses per person in those years. The army comes in last, averaging 13.8 doses per person per year." These figures reveal that during the four years 1966–1969 the army alone consumed more amphetamines than all the British or American armed forces during World War II. Although the army has recently instituted a moderately effective detection and detoxification program for soldiers addicted to heroin, it continues to ignore the amphetamine issue. Today, in fact, the army is continuing to supply combat and "advisory" soldiers with amphetamines as part of their standard equipment. One physician has stated, in apparent seriousness, that he and his associates are encouraged since they have found that many heroin-abusing Vietnam veterans "have neither required nor used heroin but have taken at least temporarily to the intravenous use of speed."

Despite current mythology, heroin is not instantly addicting, very rarely if ever causes any serious physical damage, and often does not even produce euphoria in normal people. Most of the popular attitudes toward heroin and the fears about its effects are true enough for the amphetamines. Indeed, even many pharmacology textbook descriptions of heroin dangers would be more accurate if they had been intended to describe the perils of amphetamines.

Nevertheless, in recent years amphetamine prescriptions have accounted for between 6 to 10 per cent of all prescriptions for *any* drugs, including nonpsychopharmaceuticals like penicillin, and a group of researchers in California has reported that at least one out of every five adults *admits* to long-term or habitual use of amphetamines. Surveys among student populations have revealed that in some cities significant amphetamine abuse is occurring as early as at the fifth- and sixth-grade levels, and that between 15 and 25 per cent of all high school students in communities as diverse as San Francisco, Dallas, and Quincy, Massachusetts, are regular speed users. In a well-conducted and exhaustively analyzed comparative study of college drug use among 1,314 randomly selected students on five different campuses, R. H. Blum and his associates found that during the academic year 1966–67 as many as one-third of these young people were taking amphetamines. Especially surprising was the fact that, in every college but one, the percentage of students who admitted to *non*medical use of amphetamines was greater than the percentage who had smoked marihuana. On the one campus where grass use exceeded speed use, a full 32 per cent of the interviewed students stated that they had taken amphetamines during the academic year, compared with an only slightly higher 33 per cent who had used cannabis. A follow-up survey on one campus about a year later revealed that the incidence of amphetamine use had jumped from 25 to 35 per cent, and during this study the investigators encountered their first intravenous amphetamine abusers.

By 1946 Smith, Kline & French had been so successful in its amphetamine promotion campaign that a paper by W. R. Bett listed thirty-nine generally accepted "clinical uses" for the drug, including treatments of schizophrenia, morphine and codeine addictions, nicotinism (tobacco smoking), heart block, head injuries, infantile cerebral palsy, irradiation sickness, and hypotension (abnormally low blood pressure). Bett, who further recommended the drug for such ailments as sea sickness, persistent hiccups, and even "caffeine mania," was only one of a huge number of physicians who regarded amphetamines as "versatile remedies" that were second only to a few other extraordinary drugs (such as aspirin) in terms of the scope, efficacy, and safety of their effects.

Today, even though the Food and Drug Administration officially recognizes only "short-term appetite reduction," narcolepsy, some types of Parkinsonism, and certain behavioral disorders in so-called hyperkinetic young children as valid "therapeutic indications" for the amphetamines, this federal agency lacks real power to limit the drug industry's advertising claims. Amphetamines continue to be prescribed by many physicians for nearly as many different reasons as Bett mentioned.

By 1958 the annual legal U.S. production of amphetamines had risen to 75,000 pounds, or 3.5 billion tablets—enough to supply every man, woman, and child with about twenty standard (5-mg) doses. Less than ten years later the drug industry admitted it was pouring out 160,000 pounds—about 8 billion amphetamine tablets—per year, or enough for thirty-five to fifty pills for every living American. By 1970 *reported* legal amphetamine production had risen to above 10 billion tablets, and in 1971 it rose again to more than 12 billion. This year the Justice Department has announced that it intends finally to impose severe quotas on legal amphetamine production.

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It Produces a Sense of Increased Energy...

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However, as we shall see, there are several excellent reasons for believing that even a total ban on legal production would make alcohol and marihuana prohibitions look like minor problems.

Indeed, many published studies contine to report amphetamine use rates that are gross underestimates because they ignore the incredibly widespread black-market distribution system that continues to thrive despite federal efforts to seal up the massive leakage from pharmaceutical companies, wholesalers, druggists, and even physicians' offices. What has become a multimillion-dollar, organized crime–controlled business began in all-night restaurants and gasoline stations that catered to long-haul truck drivers, one of the first groups to discover the fatigue-alleviating and sleep-postponing properties of the amphetamines.

(Some of the early slang names for amphetamines originated among these truck drivers, who called them "cartwheels," "coast-to-coasts," "West-Coast turnarounds," "truck drivers," and "copilots." The last term presumably was derived from the now legendary accident that occurred when one exceedingly lucky driver, who had stayed behind his wheel for more than two days on speed, decided to take a brief nap in his sleeping berth while moving at 60 miles per hour. When finally extricated from his totally demolished vehicle, he stated that he had been sure that his assistant was competent to handle the truck in broad daylight. The "copilot," however, was an amphetamine-induced illusion; the driver had been alone for the entire forty-eight-hour period.)

The built-in "mobility" of this early illicit amphetamine distribution system was probably one of the main reasons for the extraordinary rapidity of its spread to all sections of the country.

By the mid-1960s the Food and Drug Administration and the National Institute of Mental Health estimated that about four billion tablets, half of the legal production, were being siphoned off each year. Until at least 1965 it was possible for almost anybody to obtain amphetamines through the mail from so-called wholesale drug mail-order houses. CBS exposed this preposterous situation in 1964 by presenting a report on news producer Jay McMullen's unusual experiment. McMullen had rented an office and mailbox in mid-Manhattan and set up a bogus "import-export" firm called McMullen Services. Simply by using this name as a letterhead on inexpensive stationery, he ordered and obtained from nine suppliers 1,075,000 amphetamine and barbiturate pills, tablets, and capsules on the black market worth up to half a million dollars. McMullen's total investment was $600.28. It had become clear that some legislative controls were badly needed.

In January 1965 Representative Olen Harris introduced the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965. Despite predictable opposition from the American health industry, this bill was finally passed by Congress. The law, seeking to impose greater controls, required increased record keeping throughout all parts of the system of manufacture, distribution, prescription, and sale. The punishments for violations were not severe; the maximum penalties were two years in prison and/or a $5,000 fine. In fact, the Drug Abuse Control Amendents of 1965 were a prime example of too few of the wrong controls too late. Nothing was done about reducing drug industry profits or controlling the overproduction of amphetamines by setting sensible quotas or empowering the Food and Drug Administration to do more than "advise" what the "acceptable therapeutic applications" should be. The controls that were instituted proved to be dismally unenforceable and totally ineffectual in short-circuiting the continued flow of pharmaceutical amphetamines to the black market. Underground entrepreneurs simply refined their techniques. For example, the syndicate-controlled illegal amphetamine marketers discovered that it was easy to transfer amphetamines from the legitimate distribution system by having them shipped to drug houses and "repackagers" in Mexico and then smuggled or mailed back across the border. This strategy was based on a loophole in the 1965–66 legislation that totally exempted amphetamines if they were to be shipped abroad. According to the 1971 *Fourth Report* of the Select Committee on Crime, U.S. Customs had reported a 212 per cent increase in *seizures* of contraband amphetamines during the previous two years. But this statistic gives only some suggestion as to the enormous volume of U.S.-produced amphetamines that enter the black market by this circuitous crossing and recrossing of international borders. For example, on January 19, 1972, *The New York Times* reported that Strasenburgh Prescription Products had shipped almost a ton of bulk amphetamine to Strasenburgh's Mexican affiliate, where it was packaged in 25-mg Bifetamina capsules and sold to Mexican *farmacias* near the Texas border. Many of these "retail drugstores" were shacks, out in empty fields far from any towns, where smugglers picked up huge quantities of "black beauties" to carry back to the United States. According to a spokesman for the Narcotics Bureau, the number of these Strasenburgh capsules smuggled into the United States probably approached forty-five million per year. At the present time the one decisive difference between the organized black markets in amphetamines and in heroin derives from the fact that the diversion of amphetamines is conducted so efficiently and skillfully, and on so huge a scale, that the illicit price which the addict or abuser pays on the street is just about exactly the same as he would pay for his drugs if he obtained them through strictly legal channels. This, of course, is in sharp contrast to the business in heroin.

Legitimate drug producers, however, are not the only black-market suppliers. In fact, in some sections of this country the manufacture and sale of "home-cooked" speed is thought to exceed the legal pharmaceutical production by a factor of between three and ten. This illicit manufacture is a fairly recent development in the history of amphetamines. The spiraling criminal traffic in black-market speed resulted in a 1963 request from the California attorney general's office that the commercial manufacturers of injectable amphetamines discontinue their sale of these ampules. The manufacturers complied, but almost immediately the first clandestine laboratory for mass production of injectable amphetamines was set up in San Francisco. By 1968 there were between five and ten of these labs within the Bay Area, each supplying the San Francisco speed scene with about 25 to 100 pounds of illegally produced amphetamines per week. An unknown number of smaller "bathroom" laboratories, located mostly in Haight-Ashbury, were contributing again as much speed, and numerous formulas describing the synthesis of the final products were being hawked on every street in the Haight.

Although the street dealers habitually proclaimed that their product was "100 per cent righteous pharmacy speed," it invariably contained more diluents than amphetamines. These substances included lactose, Epsom salts, quinine, baking powder, monosodium glutamate (Ac'cent), photo developer, insecticides, ether, and even strychnine. Many speed freaks still prefer to inject speed with particular impurities because amphetamine laced with other substances, such as ether, is thought to produce a heavier flash or more intense rush than pure methamphetamine does. Another reason why home-cooked speed was often preferred to commercially available, injectable amphetamine was that most speed freaks quickly developed an incredible tolerance to the euphoric (but not toxic or paranoia-producing) properties of the relatively weak legal solutions. When individuals could obtain flash

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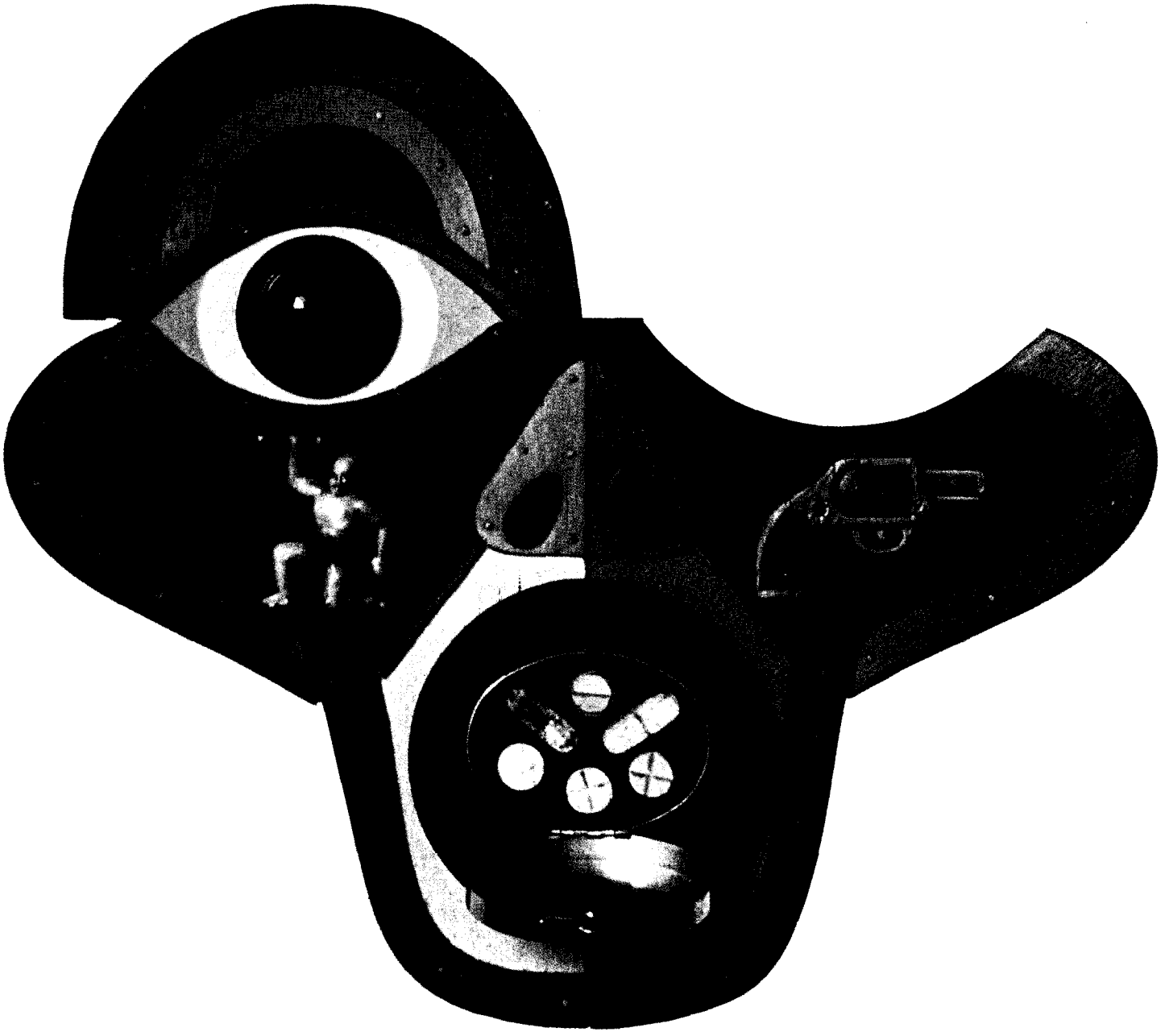

It Can Lead to Violence and Crime...

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speed in powder form, they could dissolve as much as one or two grams in a small amount of water and inject the thick syrup in a single gigantic dose. The degree to which some young people have developed tolerance to the amphetamines is astounding. At least one substantiated case of a young speed freak surviving intravenous self-administration of 15,000 mg of USP methamphetamine in one twenty-four-hour period has been reported. In Haight-Ashbury the demand for flash speed was especially high, prompting some observers to comment that bad acid and "laced" grass were being driven out by worse speed.

No one knows how many speed freaks are alive in the United States today because it is just as difficult to obtain production and sales statistics from the illegal "kitchen and bathroom" laboratories as from the major pharmaceutical firms. However, it is possible to make rough extrapolations to the national level from the few conducted studies. As early as 1964 John Griffith undertook research into illicit amphetamine abuse in Oklahoma City (population, 300,000). Griffith arrived at a conservative estimate of 5,000 individual speed abusers who habitually consumed between 80 and 1,000 mg of amphetamines each day. He asserted that there were several good reasons for considering Oklahoma City a representative national urban sample. Accordingly, if Oklahoma City be taken as an index of the national incidence of amphetamine abuse in large cities alone, we have to assume that as early as the mid-1960s there were at least 650,000 American speed abusers. In 1967 J. C. Kramer and his co-workers corroborated Griffith's findings and these extrapolations by estimating that there were probably at least 5,000 intravenous amphetamine abusers in the neighborhood of the San Francisco Panhandle alone. Most people who were aware of what was happening in the Haight-Ashbury portion of the Panhandle during the summer of 1967 probably did not realize that only about 25,000 young persons were present at any one time during the peak summer months. But even this relatively small number represented a fantastic increase over the stable population of about 750 early hippies. Moreover, as David E. Smith has emphasized, this seemingly static population figure is a totally unrealistic representation of the number of young and impressionable persons who visited the Haight, sometimes for only a few days, but generally long enough to carry back to their hometown peers the various experiences, attitudes, and myths of the Haight, as well as the drugs being abused—particularly amphetamines. It was at and through the Haight that the abuse by so many young people of "the confidence drug" culminated in a chaotic whirlwind of what one young speed freak has called "terminal euphoria."

Of all the myths surrounding the amphetamines, that of their alleged "nonaddictiveness" is today the most transparent, even though when these drugs were first introduced they were almost universally hailed as having little or no addictive potential. This is not surprising. Almost every drug that is now condemned as addictive was warranted by the official medical establishment as extremely useful and nonaddicting when it was first introduced. For example, when morphine was acetylated in 1898, the new drug was heralded as a nonaddictive cure for opium and morphine addictions. In fact, enthusiasm was so high that the drug's name was taken from *hero*. It was called heroin.

Accordingly, the only surprising fact about the controversy over the addictiveness of the amphetamines is that it has persisted for so long, despite strong early evidence that these new drugs were substances especially euphorigenic. Indeed, cases of addiction were reported almost immediately, but the drug industry was so successful in reinforcing and sustaining early medical enthusiasm that even as late as 1958 C. D. Leake categorically insisted that "no clear case of addiction to d-amphetamine has been reported." However, at the very end of his book Leake admitted that he had not become aware of the Japanese situation until "this book was in galley proofs."

During World War II millions of Japanese soldiers, aviators, and sailors, as well as civilians engaged in defense, munitions, and government work, took tons of "wake-amines," especially methamphetamine (sold as philipon). After the war, military stockpiles of amphetamines flooded among the civilian population. The immediate result was the virtually overnight eruption of an unprecedented epidemic of drug abuse and addiction. By 1954 it was estimated that there were 500,000 to 1.5 million Japanese amphetamine abusers, about half genuinely addicted.

Today there is good reason to believe that the addictive potential of the amphetamines exceeds that of heroin. Certainly, there are more amphetamine addicts than heroin addicts, perhaps by a ratio of ten to one. A good measure of the controversy over the addictive potential of amphetamines derives from a persisting semantic confusion as to exactly what is meant by drug addiction. According to the 1957 World Health Organization Expert Committee on Drugs, there are five separate criteria that must be fulfilled before a person can be said to be addicted to any natural or synthetic drug: 1) He must consume the drug to the point of "intoxication" on a "periodic or chronic" basis; 2) he must experience an "overwhelming desire or need" (compulsion) to take the drug and to obtain it "by any means"; 3) he must show a "tendency" to increase the dose because of the development of tolerance; 4) he must experience a psychological dependence on the drug, and he *may* "generally" experience a physical dependence; 5) as a result of his drug abuse, he and society in general must experience "detrimental effects."

This official definition has been criticized on many counts. Nevertheless, one must examine the evidence pertaining to the addictiveness of the amphetamines in terms of these criteria because the continuation of the controversy has hinged upon interpretations of this definition.

If the first point were strictly interpreted, it would mean that heroin is *not* an addictive drug. Once a person has abused heroin for a sufficient period, he will in fact appear normal *only* when he has enough of the drug in his system to postpone the onset of drug withdrawal. This is one of the basic premises of the methadone maintenance program and constitutes a very good argument for the controlled legal administration of pharmaceutical-quality heroin to hard-core addicts who have little or no chance of breaking out of their vicious cycle. Amphetamines, however, are never normalizing drugs under ordinary circumstances.

Second, almost every detailed case of amphetamine abuse reported in the medical literature mentions at least a moderate degree of craving, and there does not seem to be any extreme to which many individuals will not go to procure the drug. Nor is there any evidence that the craving induced by amphetamines is in any way less compulsive than the craving experienced by heroin addicts. Indeed, a series of investigations with rhesus monkeys has supplied evidence that the craving for amphetamines may be twice as strong as the corresponding craving for heroin.

Third, there appears to be essentially no upper limit to the degree of tolerance that certain individuals will develop to the euphoric effects of the amphetamines. Tolerance to their toxic effects develops much more slowly, however, making them singularly dangerous even compared with heroin, which never has been shown to produce any tissue damage.

The fourth point is the one that has given rise to the most controversy and disagreement. Nevertheless, not even

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ASSEMBLAGE BY VIN GIULIANI

Speed Indeed Kills.

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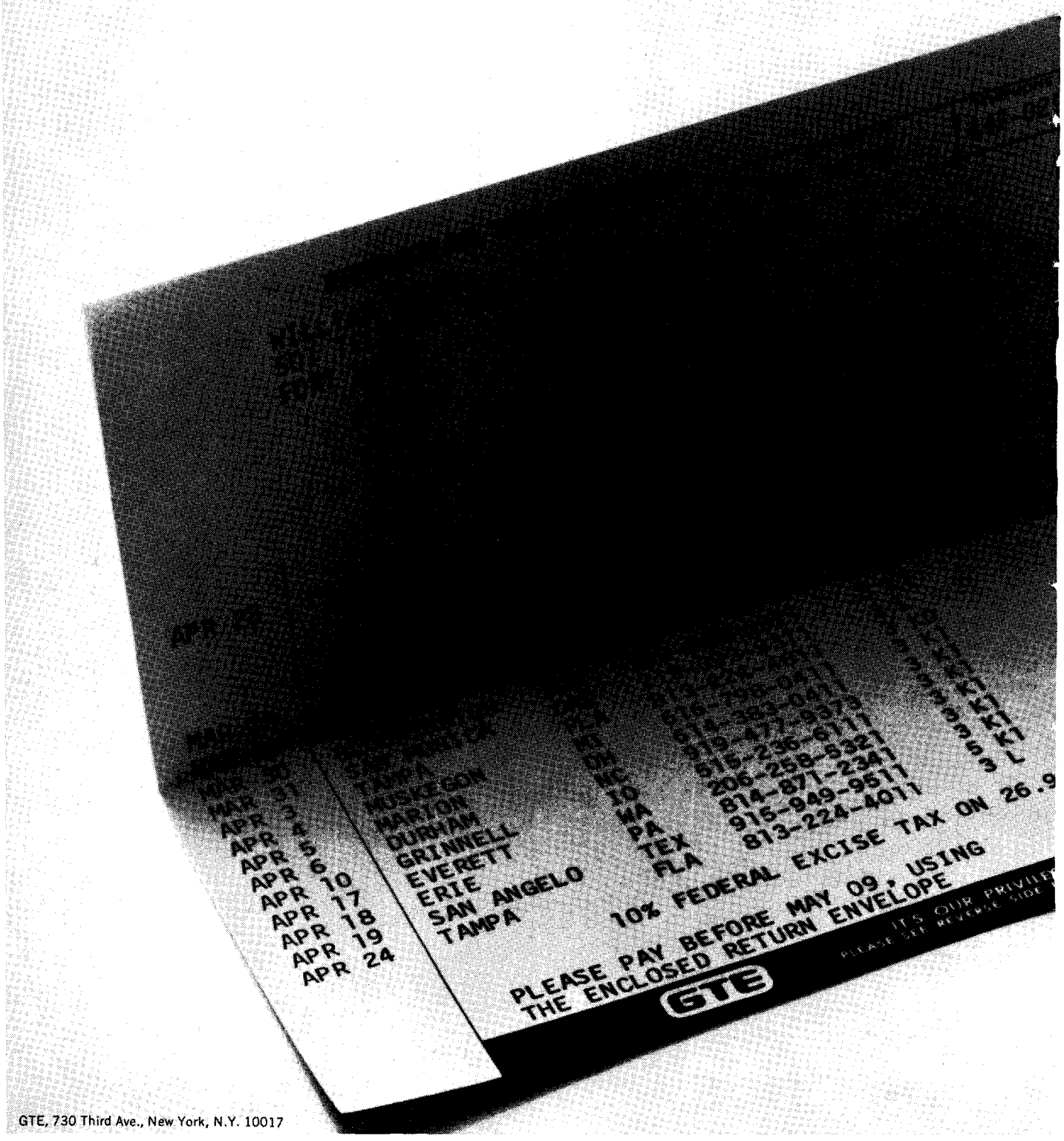
Your telephone bill



GTE, 730 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

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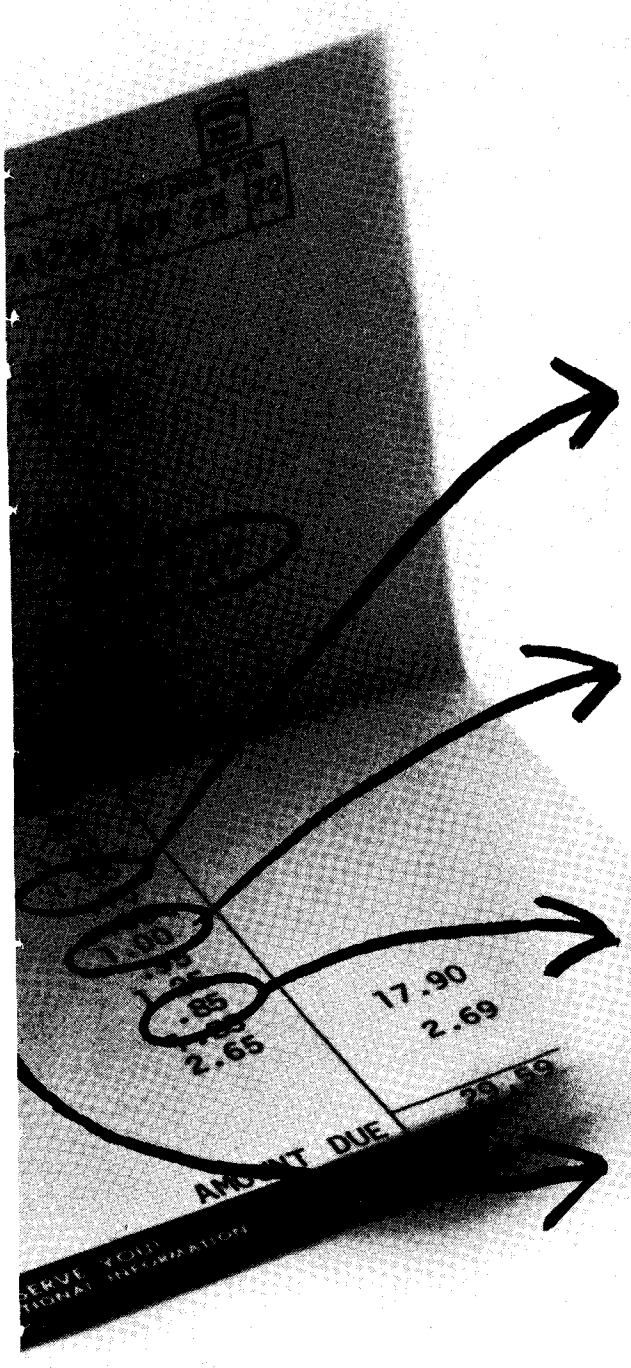
could be too high.



The Normal Procedure: The phone bill comes in the mail; you look at it, write a check, moan and groan a lot, and forget about it until next month, when you repeat The Normal Procedure.

Our Recommendation: Consider the possibility that your phone bill may be too high because you haven't been taking advantage of the following possibilities:

1. Dial long distance out-of-state calls yourself.

If you're willing to talk to anyone who picks up the phone at the other end, it's cheaper to dial the number yourself and call station-to-station than to have our operator do it for you.

Even if you want to talk to somebody in particular, the odds are very much in your favor that you'll get him by dialing station-to-station yourself. And if you don't get him the first time, a call-back (sometimes two) is still cheaper than person-to-person.

2. Place out-of-state long distance calls at bargain rate times.

The right times to call are after 5 p.m., when you get our low evening rate; after 11 p.m., when you get our even lower dial-it-yourself night rate; on Saturday and Sunday, when you get our low weekend rate, and on certain holidays.

In most states we also offer similar discounts on long distance calls. We suggest that you check your phone book for rates.

3. Report long distance wrong numbers.

When you dial long distance and get a wrong number, apologize to the nice people at the other end, hang up, dial "0" right away and tell our operator all about it. We'll see to it that you get a credit for the call.

Whatever you do, don't give up, don't mutter bad words to yourself, and don't go away mad.

4. Call us when you go on vacation.

We have a special service for you if you're going to be away for more than one month. Just call our business office and we'll unhook your line temporarily at our central office, thereby saving you as much as 50% on your local service charge.

These suggestions are not presented altogether altruistically; very often, by helping you save money, we save some money ourselves. We trust that won't keep you from following Our Recommendation.

We'd love to hear someone complain that their phone bill is too low.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

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the most vociferous advocates of amphetamines have claimed that these drugs will not produce strong psychological dependence. Their argument is based on the claim that amphetamines do not cause physical (that is, physiological) dependence. But if one looks at the official definition formulated by the Expert Committee, it is immediately obvious that physical dependence is *not* one of the necessary criteria for a diagnosis of addiction; the definition states only that it "generally" occurs when an individual is addicted. Many drug abuse authorities have ignored this important point and interpreted the Expert Committee's statement to mean that physical dependence is a necessary component of addiction. But, even if we meet the purists on their own ground, we are forced to the conclusion that, contrary to much medical mythology, the amphetamines do in fact produce definite *physical* dependence. One of the main reasons why so many people have doubted this in the past is that physical dependence has always been at best a vague concept. It could never be directly measured but had to be inferred from the occurrence of various physiological or behavioral symptoms that a person exhibited *after* he stopped taking a particular drug—that is to say, during abstinence or withdrawal.

In the literature of addiction almost all references to a characteristic abstinence syndrome indicating physical dependence are derived from descriptions of symptoms occurring after prolonged use of true narcotics—opium, opium derivatives (such as morphine, heroin, codeine), and synthetic opiates. Withdrawal from heroin or morphine invariably results in extreme restlessness, agitation, nonfocal hyperactivity, and insomnia. When withdrawal of a drug results in a clinical state similar to that caused by withdrawal from opiates, the drug is invariably identified as capable of producing physical dependence. But if the abstinence syndrome is different from that occurring after abuse of the opiates, the drug is usually (and sometimes wrongly) held to be incapable of producing physical dependence. In most cases of amphetamine withdrawal, notable symptoms include sleepiness, lethargy, and depression. If characteristic withdrawal from depressant drugs, such as morphine and heroin, is marked by various degrees of excitability, why should extreme sleepiness and depression not be considered characteristic withdrawal symptoms of a stimulant drug? If the compulsive use of opiates had not been selected as the paradigm of addictive behavior, the controversy over the addictiveness of the amphetamines would never have occurred.

Despite the minimization in the medical and lay press of the amphetamine-abstinence syndrome and the parallel exaggeration of the unpleasantness of the average heroin addict's abstinence syndrome, withdrawal from amphetamines can be most distressing. Since the individual crashing from high-dose amphetamine abuse appears to be sleeping well a good deal of the time, he is often considered to be merely exhausted. But the picture of the amphetamine-abstinence syndrome that has recently emerged is as unpleasant and painful a one as the traditional view of heroin withdrawal. Extreme lethargy, fatigue, anxiety, terrifying nightmares, and suicidally severe depression are common. The individual is usually disoriented, bewildered, and confused. He is apt to be extremely irritable and demanding, driving people away just when he most needs their help. His psychic disruption and loss of self-control may lead to violent acting out of aggressive impulses. His head aches, he has difficulty in breathing, he sweats profusely, and his body is racked with alternating sensations of extreme heat and cold and with excruciating muscle cramps. He characteristically suffers violently painful gastrointestinal cramps. Despite his sometimes incredible hunger, he often lacks the strength to eat at all, thereby aggravating his condition through malnutrition.

A major breakthrough in the clarification of the precise nature of the amphetamine-withdrawal syndrome occurred with the publication of an article by I. Oswald and V. R. Thacore in 1963. Oswald and Thacore studied six chronic abusers to determine how much of their night's sleep was spent in so-called REM sleep. (REM sleep has a specific EEG pattern related to rapid eye movements, dreams, and changes in muscle tension.) While these subjects were still taking amphetamine, their EEG patterns were normal; but as soon as the drug was withdrawn, REM sleep occupied a much greater portion of the night's sleep. Normally, REM sleep begins about seventy minutes after the onset of sleep and occupies about one-fourth of the total sleep time. During amphetamine withdrawal, however, REM sleep began after about four minutes and occupied up to half the night's sleep. The EEG pattern during sleep took three to eight weeks to return to normal unless amphetamine was restored, in which case it immediately became normal. The authors concluded that these findings indicated that the individuals were physically dependent upon amphetamines insofar as physical dependence means that some major physiological function is normal in the addict, becomes abnormal on drug withdrawal, and returns to normal immediately if the drug is given again to interrupt the abstinence syndrome.

The Expert Committee's final criterion for determining a drug's addictive potential is its ability to cause "detrimental effects" for the individual as well as for society in general. The amphetamines pass this test with flying colors. As early as in 1935 certain reports in medical journals suggested that Benzedrine might cause serious cardiovascular disturbances, and from 1939 to 1962 at least fifty-four cases of acute amphetamine poisoning were disclosed in the American and British reports. These reported cases represent a small fraction of the actual total.

There are three main reasons for this erratic reporting. First, the AMA has been loath to impugn the value of amphetamines. Second, hospital personnel have come to regard acute amphetamine poisoning as routine, hardly worth writing up for the medical journals. Third, a substantial number of amphetamine abusers have exhibited acute psychotic symptomatology that is clinically all but indistinguishable from acute paranoid schizophrenia (such sufferers are generally admitted to psychiatric hospitals and frequently misdiagnosed).

Since the early 1960s, when high-dose and/or intravenous abuse of speed became popular, a whole new spectrum of serious organic reactions has been reported, including severe serum hepatitis. Clinical evidence now suggests that severe amphetamine abuse might cause permanent or long-term brain damage. Of course, there are the reported deaths: Speed indeed kills.

There are also psychological dangers concomitant upon amphetamine use. Amphetamine psychosis, once considered extremely rare, now is thought to be relatively common. Furthermore, evidence has definitely disproved the

Unquestionably, Amphetamines Have Been Overprescribed.

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once widely accepted hypothesis that only "previously borderline psychotics" could sustain an amphetamine psychosis.

Unlike heroin and cannabis, amphetamines possess distinct criminogenic psychopharmacologic properties. The only other widely used substances that approach the amphetamines in criminogenic potential are alcohol, and, in some cases, barbiturates. However, because amphetamine-related crime occurs primarily within speed cultures where it is pervasively ignored by the police and because speed freaks rarely attempt large-scale external crime, "official" crime rates for speed users are deceptively low. Moreover, the low level of "criminal skills" within speed cultures may merely reflect the fact that amphetamines are more available and therefore less costly than heroin. The amphetamines' ego-disruptive properties also make it difficult for the speed freak to acquire more than a bare minimum of *any* skills, whether criminal or not.

Since the therapeutic heyday of the amphetamines at the end of World War II, the list of "accepted" medical indications for these drugs has shrunk, although per capita consumption has risen from about twenty to over sixty-five standard (5-mg to 15-mg) doses per year. The drug industry is still permitted to advertise its amphetamine products as uniquely efficacious in the treatment or control of Parkinsonism, epilepsy, central nervous system depression caused by barbiturates and other sedative-hypnotics, surgical shock, dysmenorrhea, nausea associated with pregnancy, acute and chronic alcoholism, menopause, "painful" upper respiratory conditions, headache, arthritis, rheumatism, convalescence from prolonged illness, obesity, narcolepsy, and hyperkinetic reactions of children. Nevertheless, even the AMA is slowly realizing that the amphetamines are *at best* minimally effective in the treatment of nearly all the conditions for which they are still prescribed and that for the relatively rare number of cases in which drug therapy is definitely indicated a safer and more appropriate medication is almost always available.

Obesity continues to be the condition for which the largest amounts of legitimately obtained amphetamines are casually and frequently prescribed. But, despite enthusiastic early reports as to these drugs' efficacy in dietary regimens, expert medical opinion is gradually recognizing that obesity, far from being a semihumorous or cosmetic difficulty, is in fact a complex, long-term problem involving critical psychological and social determinants. Psychological factors, such as chronic tension and depression, unusually strong oral drives, diminished capacity to postpone or delay gratification, and the substitution of food or alcohol for other forms of basic pleasure, are being recognized with increasing frequency. These same psychological forces or characteristics increase the likelihood of a person's becoming dependent on any of a number of drugs, including amphetamines. Although it is often true that amphetamines can cause a three- to four-week euphoric high that may have as one of its important side effects a diminished food intake and consequent weight loss, after this period the user develops a tolerance for the drug. This tolerance implies that amphetamines are no longer effective as anorectics unless the person chooses to increase the dose, thus initiating a preaddictive pattern of abuse very much like the typical fledgling speed freak's. Furthermore, after the use of these drugs is discontinued, the average person quickly gains back as much weight as he has lost, or even more.

In the final analysis narcolepsy and hyperkinetic reactions in children remain the only two conditions for which the use of amphetamines can be even remotely justified. Narcolepsy, a condition marked by an uncontrollable desire for sleep or by sudden attacks of sleep, is an exceedingly rare disease. It is also a relatively complicated disease. There appear to be at least five varieties of it, and amphetamines are the highly questionable "drug of choice" for only two of these five.

Whereas it is undoubtedly true that the behavior taken to be a sign of hyperkinesis is real enough in the sense that restless, angry, disturbed, and inattentive students constitute a major problem for many parents and teachers, and it may well be the case that some elementary school students in this country exhibit this behavior because of organic brain damage or neurohormonal insufficiencies, it is impossible to believe that the half million or more children who are now being routinely administered amphetamine stimulants are *all* suffering from organic brain damage or deficiencies in crucial central nervous system chemicals. In other words, there is no justification for the increasingly popular leap from the observation of disruptive or inattentive behavior to the supposition that this is the result of a specific disease of the central nervous system. One of the clearest indications that there is simply no way to determine whether a child is organically hyperkinetic or merely hyperactive by observing his behavior is the current official label that explicitly admits that the brain damage is "minimal." Moreover, there is strong evidence suggesting that amphetamines may not be the drug of choice in those extremely rare cases where organic hyperkinesis, or true minimal brain dysfunction, may exist. In fact, as late as 1971 Harry S. Novak reported that, if only controlled or comparative experiments are considered, amphetamines have been found to be of benefit in only about 20 per cent of the various hyperkinetic populations so far tested, and there is still no way of predicting beforehand which children will profit from the administration of these drugs.

In short, there seems to be essentially no justification for any further medical prescribing of amphetamines, except perhaps in a very select group suffering from certain varieties of narcolepsy and possibly for an equally small number of truly hyperkinetic children. In these rare cases amphetamines ought to be prescribed only after a weighing of *all* their dangers against their highly dubious values.

Although it is undeniable that individual physicians (especially internists and general practitioners, but also even many otherwise knowledgeable psychiatrists) have overprescribed amphetamines in the past, usually because of a genuinely humane wish to offer a suffering person some tangible sign of concern as well as immediate alleviation of psychic pain or depression, it is fruitless to blame doctors alone for what is but one particularly malignant aspect of the current pandemic of drug abuse. An enduring solution to this nation's, and the world's, growing amphetamine problem seems to us to hinge upon a careful reconsideration and reordering of not simply our medical but our economic, political, social, and spiritual realities. Amphetamine abuse is largely an American contribution to this planet's problems. We hope that we shall regain our national sanity soon enough to demonstrate to other peoples how one can "be wise with speed." □

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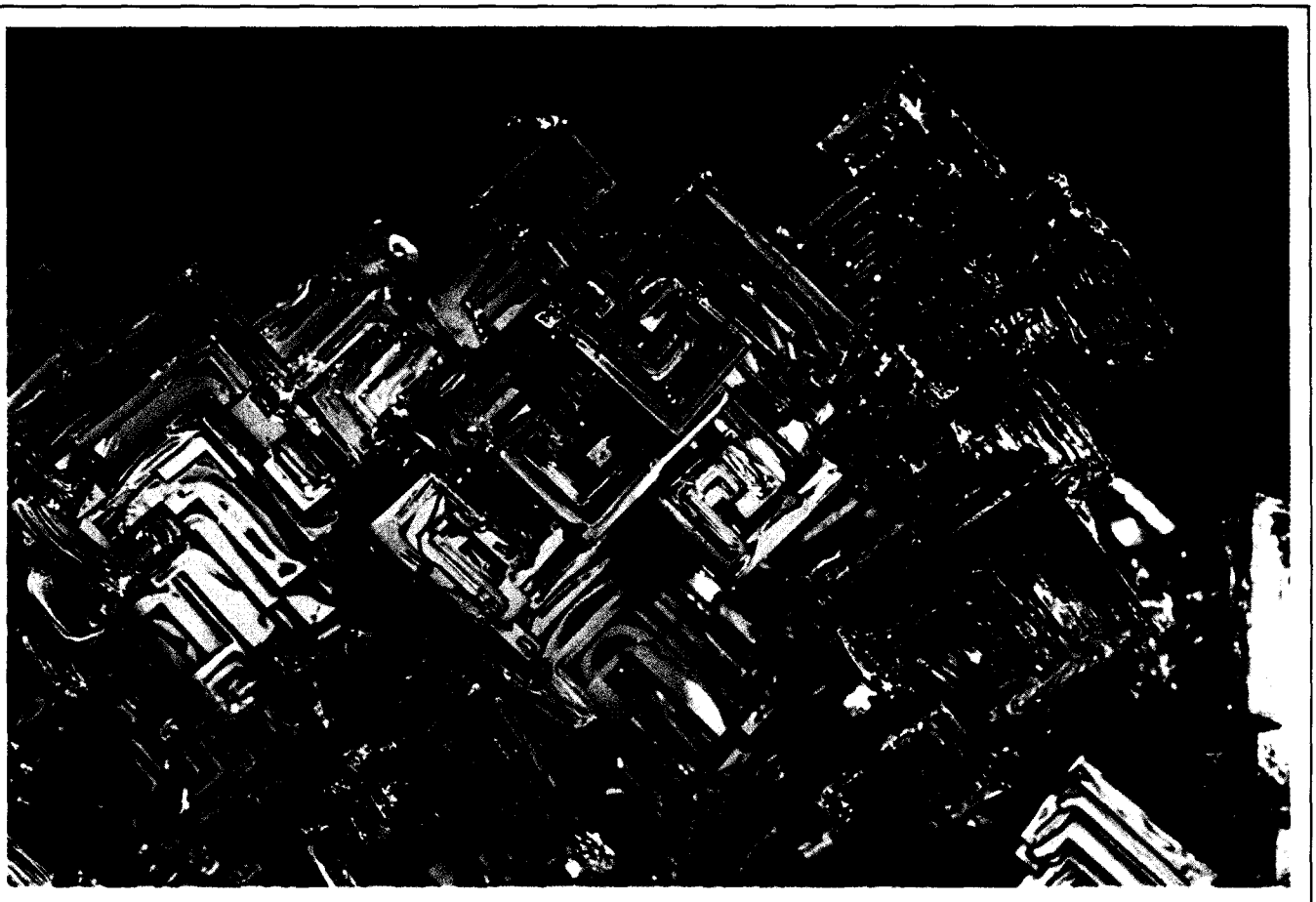

The synthetic bismuth crystal above was grown by the Monsanto Corporation.

SYNTHETIC CRYSTALS: THE GLITTERING HEART OF TECHNOLOGY

BY JOEL E. AREM

Crystals are vital to our modern technological civilization. Without them society as we know it could not exist. The watch you are wearing has seventeen or twenty-four jewels. They are made of synthetic ruby. Your portable TV set, advertised as "all solid state," could not have been made without single crystals of silicon. Crystals regulate the power supplies of our cities, supervise our communications, bring entertainment into our homes, and allow a degree of leisure never before known on the surface of this planet. Nevertheless, we take them for granted, and with them the vast billion-dollar industry that makes them available at the lowest cost in human history.

Until recently, man depended on natural crystals or solids (all solids are crystalline). This is understandable. Society, employing such familiar solids as metals and building stones, did not demand new materials. Metallurgy is an ancient art with well-established techniques. Engineers knew what existing solids could do, and by the beginning of the twentieth century no great innovations seemed imminent.

Two world wars and a mushrooming research establishment completely changed this situation. The "older" solids suddenly were not good enough, and new materials had to be found to meet pressing technological needs. Also, solid raw materials were and are being consumed at a frightful rate. Out of this need for new materials and the shortage of traditional solids, the Age of Synthetics was born. Science gradually developed ways to control the formation of crystals and thereby take advantage of their unique properties.

Throughout history crystals have held a certain wonder and fascination for man. Evidence indicates that as early as 1500 B.C. lenses made of crystals of mineral quartz were used for lighting fires. Gems, of course, have been prized for millennia. Man, the imitator, repeatedly tried to duplicate the baubles created at nature's workbench, but until the end of the nineteenth century he was unsuccessful.

(It should be noted that there is a large difference between *synthetic* and *imitation* crystals. Synthetic crystals are man-made equivalents of nature's creations; the word synthetic means to put together from components. The term imitation crystal, on the other hand, implies the use of a material other than a more costly substance it happens to resemble. Glass, a supercooled liquid rather than a true solid, is commonly used for imitation gems, for example, because it is inexpensive and easy to produce in virtually any color. It is a poor substitute, however, because it lacks dispersion, the separation of white light into its component colors. It is dispersion that produces the brilliance and color play of a diamond. Glass can be made with moderate dispersion, but the additives that

Joel E. Arem is staff crystallographer in the department of mineral sciences at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. He is founder and curator of the newly established National Synthetics Collection at the Smithsonian.

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produce the fire cause discolorations.)

In 1877 the French scientist Edmund Frémy synthesized ruby. By 1891 another Frenchman, Auguste Verneuil, had developed the first mass-production technique for manufacturing rubies. His unique approach, known as flame fusion, is still used today with surprisingly few modifications. Verneuil-process ruby is used in watches, bearings, and jewelry, and the output of a modern Verneuil factory can be measured in tons rather than carats. Uncut crystals of ruby now cost less than a penny per carat.

Possessing a depth of color and vibrancy unmatched in the mineral kingdom, ruby is the true "king of gems." In large sizes, it is far more expensive, carat for carat, than any other gem stone. Ruby is the red variety of corundum, a mineral that also occurs naturally in a wide range of colors including violet, blue, green, yellow, brown, and pink (all of which are called sapphires). However, pure corundum is colorless; the red brilliance of a ruby is caused by a trace of chromium in the mineral. Synthetic corundum can be produced in virtually any color by adding the proper impurity.

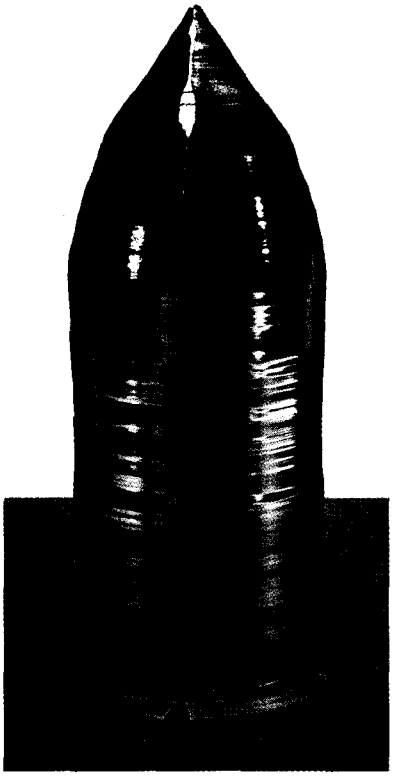
Through a special process even star gems can be manufactured. (A star ruby or sapphire is a gem that has many fibrous inclusions aligned in three directions. When the gem is cut, light is reflected off the inclusions to form a six-pointed star.) Synthetic star gems are superior to all but the finest natural gems and can be purchased at a fraction of the cost of their natural counterparts.

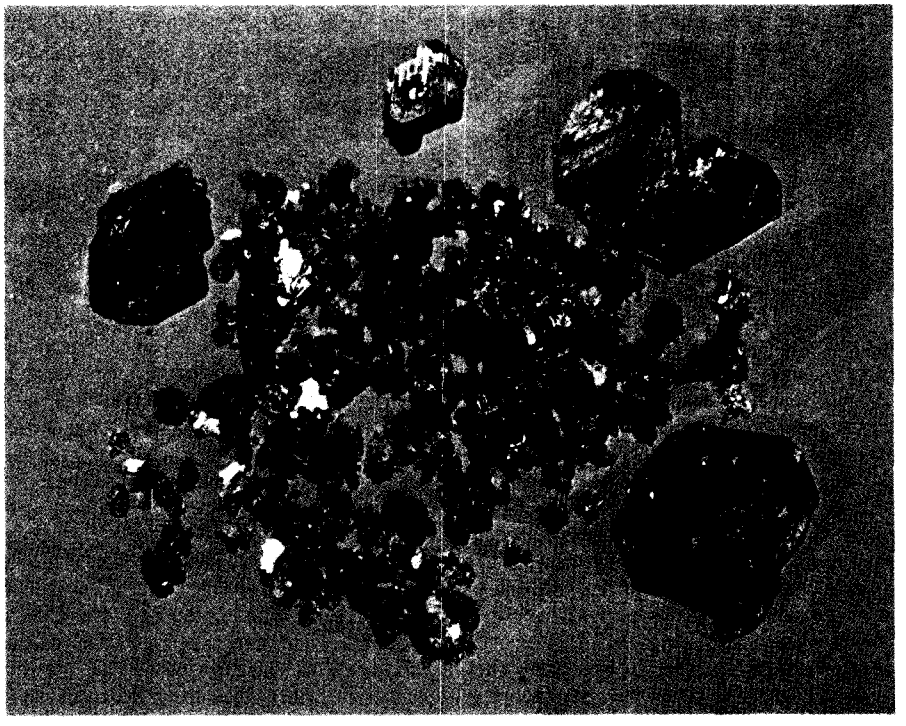
Another synthetic made by the Verneuil process is spinel, a gem frequently used in place of sapphire in jewelry. If you need a gem of a specific color and cannot find a synthetic sapphire to match, you will almost certainly find what you need among the synthetic spinels. In fact, spinels are frequently mistaken for other, more valuable gems. A classic example of mistaken identity was the large red stone in the Crown of England, known as the "Black Prince's Ruby." Modern gemmological testing showed it to be a huge red spinel.

Emerald, sometimes called "the queen of gems," also has been synthesized. A synthetic marketed as "Igmerald" was introduced by I. G. Farbenindustrie of Germany more than thirty-five years ago. Today Carroll Chatham of San Francisco produces emerald in fine large crystals of superb color. His process is secret and unpatented, but he reveals that his crystals take as long as a year to grow. Other producers include Pierre Gilson and the Linde Corporation.

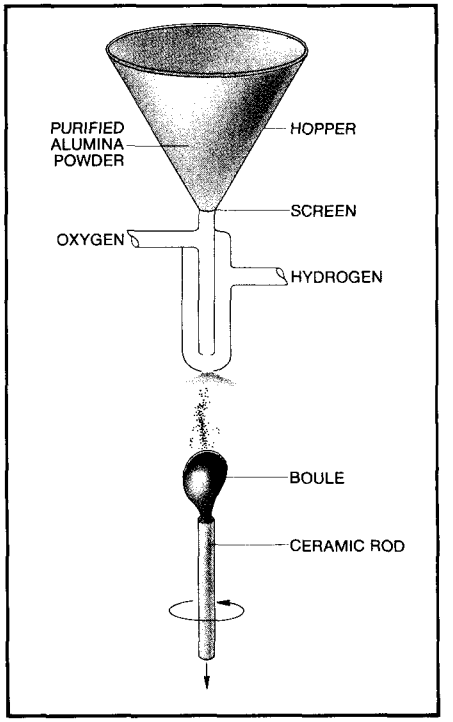
Emeralds and rubies are far easier to make than diamonds, which require extremes of temperature and pressure that only modern technology can produce. When the General Electric Company announced that it had successfully manufactured diamond in 1955, almost a century of experimentation marked by brash claims and blunt skepticism was culminated. The G. E. process not only has been verified but has proved itself capable of turning out thousands of carats of diamond an-

Six inches long and bullet-shaped, this silicon crystal was grown by Texas Instruments Company.





Tiny plates of ruby (lower left) were grown by Edmund Frémy before the turn of the century in France. Today ruby (and most other crystals used in making inexpensive jewelry) is manufactured by the Verneuil technique described below. In the case of ruby, alumina (aluminum oxide) powder containing a trace of chromium oxide is dropped through a screen and mixed with hydrogen and oxygen. The gases are ignited, producing a hot flame that melts the alumina and forms tiny droplets. The droplets fall onto a ceramic rod that is rotated and gradually lowered as the crystal grows. A Verneuil-grown crystal is generally called a boule.



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nually. Today synthetic diamond competes with the natural mineral in the abrasives market. It can be made large enough to be cut into small gems (less than one-half carat), but such baubles are so expensive to produce that they cannot compete with natural stones.

An alternative to synthetic gem diamond exists in another artificial crystal, strontium titanate. It is a heavy substance with enormous brilliance and dispersion—even higher than that of a diamond. Cut stones sparkle with myriad colors in a pyrotechnic display that makes natural gems seem pale by comparison. Fabulite, Starilian, and the Wellington Gem are all trade names for strontium titanate. The material's chief drawback is its relative softness. Also, its dispersion creates so much fire that cut gems look almost *too* spectacular to be diamonds.

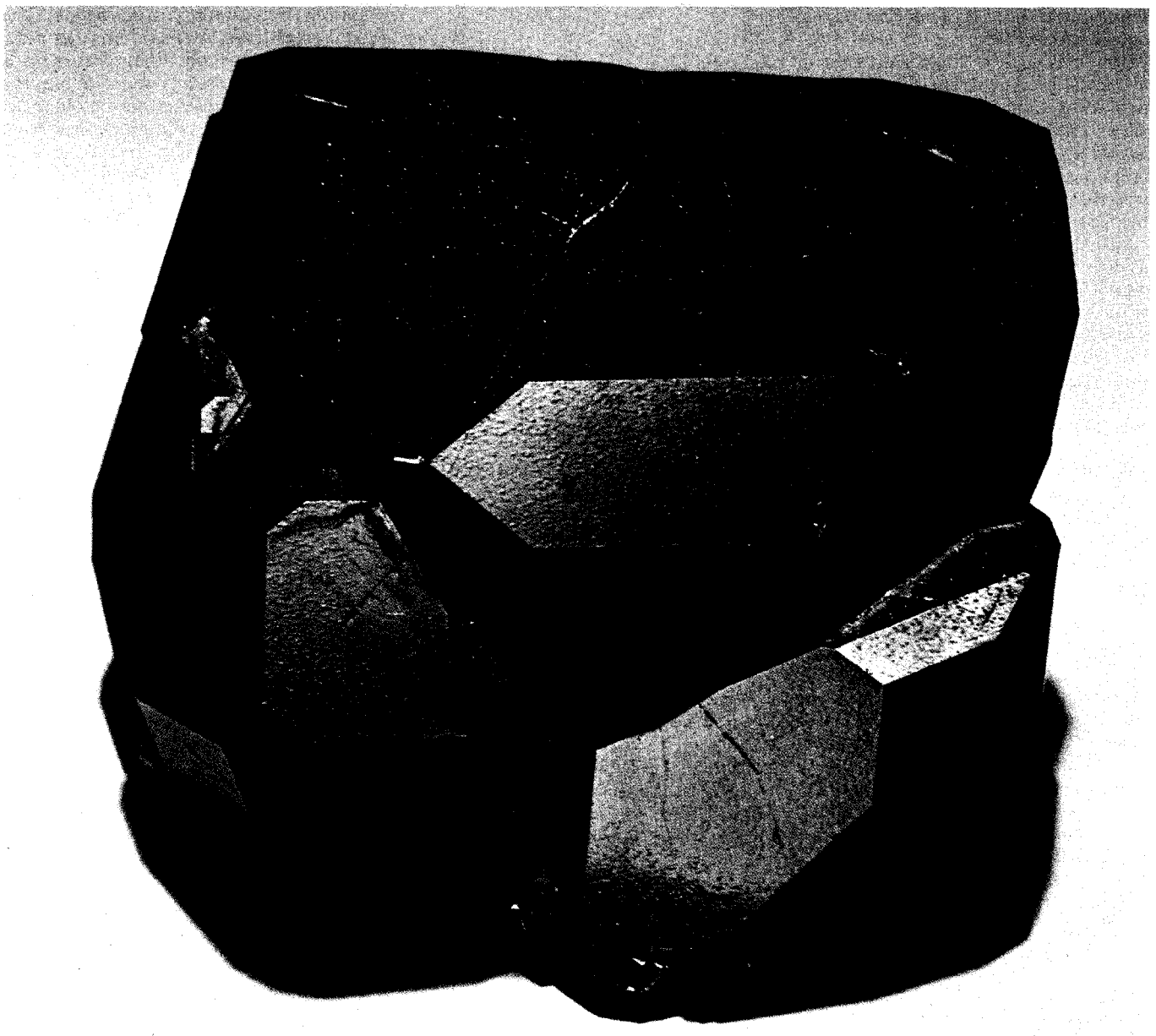
However, a better diamond alternative than strontium titanate is now available. It is called YAG, an acronym for yttrium aluminum garnet. YAG is pale violet in color and "lases"—emits an intense beam of light characteristic of the operation of a laser—when doped with the rare earth element neodymium. YAG's optical properties aroused interest among its creators as to what it would look like when cut. To the researchers' surprise and pleasure, carefully cut stones looked almost exactly like diamonds. Cut YAG has few of the drawbacks of diamond substitutes, such as strontium titanate. The pure material is colorless, very hard, and wears well. It is marketed under dozens of trade names.

The success of YAG has opened the way for a host of other synthetic compounds. They may not all become popular, and they may not sell as well as YAG, but they will nonetheless bring misery to the lives of gemmologists who struggle to identify them. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and, indeed, all other synthetic gems are almost identical in optical, chemical, and physical properties to gems from nature's furnaces. The gemmologist can distinguish natural gems from man-made ones only by complex tests.

Although synthetic gemstones are currently in the public eye, they are vastly less significant than the synthetics produced for technological purposes. The industrial synthetics industry, involved in everything from transistor radios to lasers, is so enormous and vital to technology that if it ceased to function, our entire economy would come to a grinding halt.

In 1960, T. H. Maiman of the Hughes

This fist-sized crystal of YIG (yttrium iron garnet) was grown by the Airtron Corporation.



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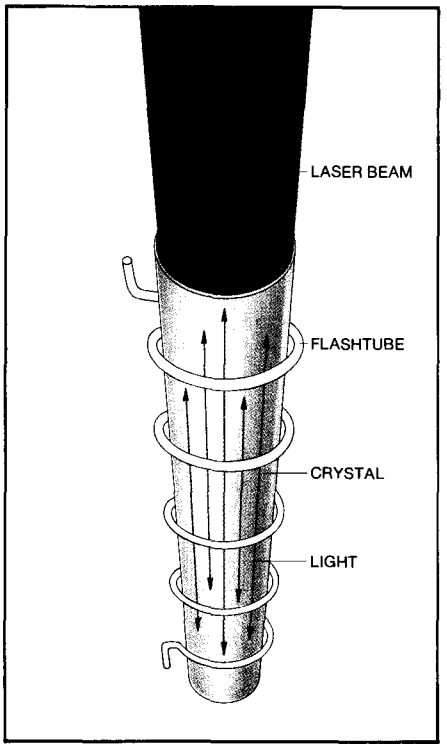
Aircraft Company became the first man to observe laser action in a crystalline material. (A laser is a device that utilizes a phenomenon called fluorescence. Fluorescence is the "gleam" that creates the visible image on a television screen and the light of a fluorescent lamp. In a laser the fluorescence is self-amplifying, and the result is a powerful beam of light. The light is emitted in a continuous beam or in ultrashort bursts, depending on the type of laser.) The laser is more than a science fiction weapon or a prop for a James Bond movie. It has the potential of being the key component in the future of energy production on earth. It also is a potential carrier of the world's communication system. The suggestion has been made that a single laser beam could handle the entire message load currently borne by telephone lines between the west and east coasts of the United States. Although such an estimate may appear optimistic, it is *not* out of line with current technological capabilities.

How can such a staggering concept be possible? Any transmission of information, any message device, involves modulation—the variation of a carrier signal. A jungle message drum emits a series of beats arranged in a pattern. The pattern itself has specific meaning for a listener who understands the code. Morse code, a pattern of dots and dashes, is a familiar example. Similarly, the nonrandom interruption of a continuous signal is the essence of a data-transmitting system.

Radio utilizes electromagnetic waves that are similar to light and heat waves but have extremely long wave lengths. One portion of the radio wave spectrum has been allocated to AM radio transmission. AM stands for amplitude modulation, in which the *strength* of the signal is varied. The pattern of variation carries information that is converted into words and music in a radio set. These same words and music were impressed onto the carrier waves, by modulation, at the transmitter. In FM transmission the *frequency* of the wave is varied within definite limits. Every radio station operates on a specific channel (frequency), and very rigid restrictions are placed on transmitters to avoid overlap.

Nonetheless, if you listen to your AM radio at night—when atmospheric conditions carry radio transmissions over longer distances—you will soon realize that the airwaves are crowded—very crowded. In fact, there is little room for newcomers in the available frequency spectrum. The situation continues to worsen as demands on communications systems increase. One obvious solution is to increase the size of the spectrum allowed for public operations. But the frequencies made available by this increase pose severe problems for existing equipment and transmitting devices. The laser comes to the rescue by providing us with a range of optical frequencies that dwarfs the entire spectrum currently in use. Lasers supply a band width equivalent to ten million TV channels!



A laser is actually a simple device, consisting of a crystal rod polished perfectly flat at both ends. The ends of the rod are precisely parallel, and the rod is surrounded by a flash tube. The flash tube stimulates atoms in the laser rod, causing them to emit light. The emitted light also stimulates atoms in the rod, resulting in an optical chain reaction. The light bounces back and forth inside the rod, continually gaining in intensity. At threshold intensity the light bursts from one end of the rod in a powerful, coherent (one wave length) beam. It has been estimated that the instantaneous power output of a very large laser could be several times the entire power-generating capacity of the United States.

A laser beam is merely an intense monochromatic (one wave length) beam of light. How can such a beam carry all these communications channels? The answer lies in modulation of the beam. Laser modulators operate at rates that are orders of magnitude faster than nonoptical devices, and this accounts for the tremendous communications potential. The laser beam itself can be produced by gases and liquids, as well as solids. But almost all the best laser modulators are crystals, some very sophisticated materials indeed.

Drawings by Jack Taromina
Crystal photographs by Joel E. Arem

A laser modulator is a device capable of interrupting a light beam at rates comparable to the frequency of the light itself—many millions of times per second. Every different frequency attainable provides a unique communications channel. As might be expected, materials that can perform such a feat are rare and do not occur in nature. Thus the future of laser communications depends on the ability of scientists to invent and to grow crystals of specialized compounds, engineered to have specific properties. Materials that show promise include such esoteric compounds as lithium niobate, lead molybdate, and iodic acid.

The potential of lasers for energy production lies in their ability to generate enormously high temperatures. For example, it has been known for many years that thermonuclear fusion —the energy-producing mechanism of the sun—could theoretically be controlled and harnessed as a power source for man's future needs. The chief problems lay in taming the reaction (the same one that occurs in a hydrogen bomb) in order to tap the energy produced. One major obstacle, finding a suitable container, has been nearly overcome. The reaction can be contained by enormously strong magnetic fields generated through the use of superconducting magnets. Superconductivity is a state reached by certain materials when cooled to about −270° C; at this temperature the superconductor has virtually no resistance to the passage of electricity and can thus sustain the immense currents needed to produce large magnetic fields.

A second major problem is how to start the reaction. In a hydrogen bomb the high temperatures required (millions of degrees) are attained by using a fission explosion (a conventional nuclear bomb) to trigger the fusion reaction. Detonating a bomb is obviously not an acceptable way of initiating a controlled energy-producing system, but until recently no other mechanism was capable of producing sufficiently high temperatures in the short time necessary to start fusion. The laser, however, can do just that. A battery of high-powered lasers, all focused at the same point, can raise the local temperature to many millions of degrees in less than a billionth of a second. This is sufficient to start fusion, in which hydrogen atoms join to become helium. The nuclear fuel, hydrogen, is present in huge quantities in the oceans.

The quest for more efficient laser materials is continuing at an accelerating rate in laboratories throughout the world. Lasers can be made that produce light of a wide range of wave lengths, many of which have specific advantages in certain devices. Laser applications include eye surgery (a micro-

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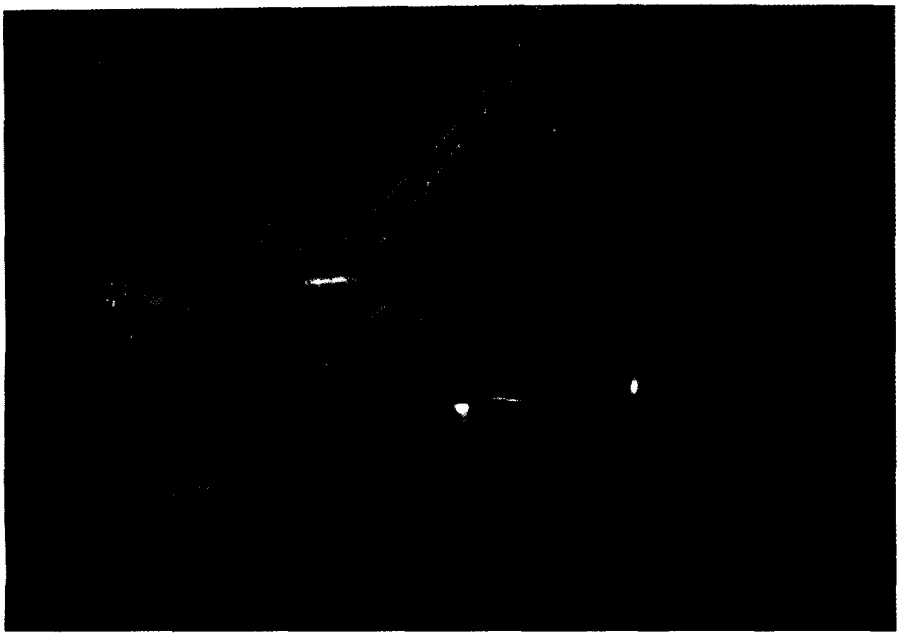

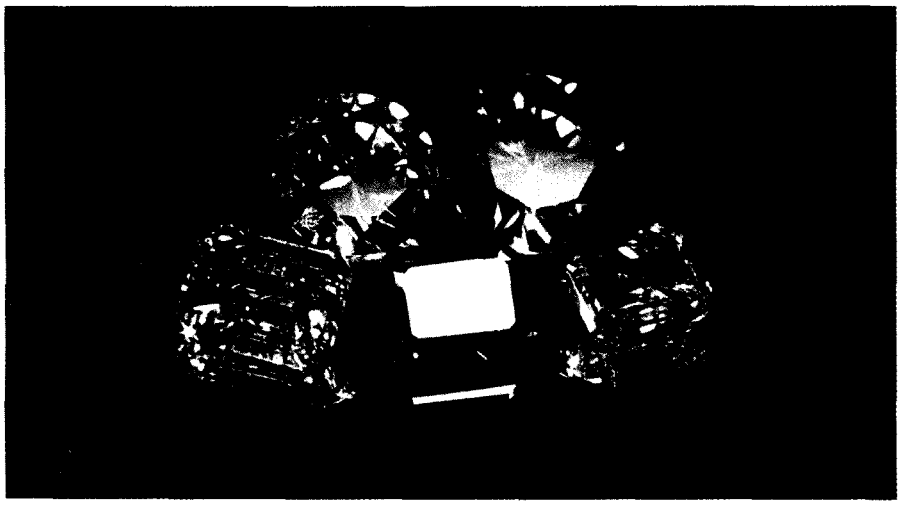

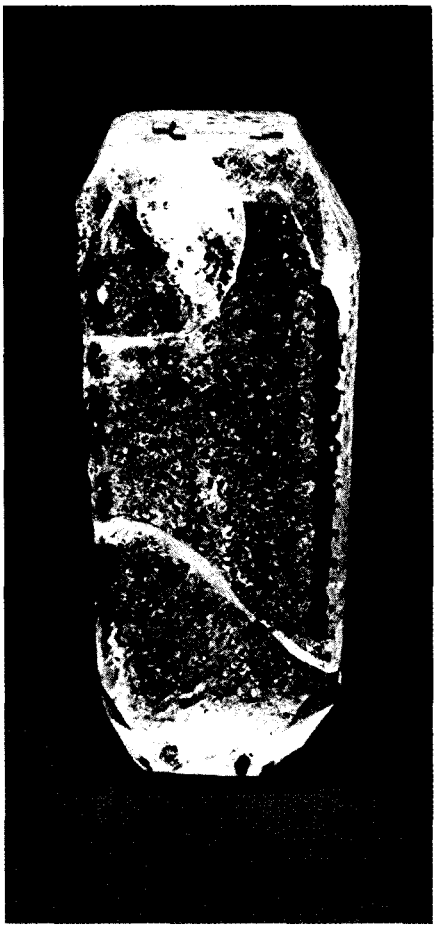

Intelligence reports about German research on infrared-transmitting materials led to a crash program to develop similar materials in the United States. Thallium bromo-iodide or KRS-5 (top left) was one of the results of this program. Synthetic quartz (top right) has virtually replaced natural material in electronic devices. Yttrium aluminum garnet or YAG (above) can be produced in many attractive colors and is popular in the gem market. When doped with neodymium, YAG is a laser material.

welding technique), radar, surveying, ranging (such as accurately determining the distance between the earth and the moon, or measuring rates of continental drift), drilling holes in such materials as diamond and steel, weapons (especially for night warfare), and standards for frequency and time. And lasers are but one of a vast number of crystal-based technologies. Other crystal devices have already revolutionized Western civilization. These devices, called semiconductors, account for nearly three-fourths of the gross income for crystal producers, a somewhat surprising fact considering that only two substances account for most of the total: silicon and germanium.

Although silicon and germanium are metals, they become insulators rather than conductors in highly purified form. This strange property, however, does not affect their use in semiconductors. Pure silicon and germanium do not occur in nature, but the current state of crystal technology allows the growth of single crystals of silicon over 2′ long and 3″ across. One such crystal can provide enough material for more than half a billion electrical components such as resistors, transistors, diodes, and capacitors. The technology employed to produce microcircuits on crystals borders on science fiction.

A 3″ diameter silicon crystal is sliced into discs less than 1/32″ thick. Each disc is polished to a mirror surface and coated with a photosensitive film. Exacting optical devices record on this film the image of a grid of electrical circuits. These circuits are then created in the silicon substrate by a series of complex etching and vapor deposition steps. The result is a tablet containing more than 1,000 complete circuits, each consisting of as many as 500 separate components. One such circuit can perform many functions in an electrical device. Since the substrate materials used in producing microcircuits are crystals, the technology involved is called "solid state."

Solid-state devices are present in almost every electrical appliance, scientific instrument, and communications receiver or transmitter in use in the United States. Transistorized modules have replaced older tube units in telephone circuitry, radio and television equipment, computers, transportation systems, and power transmission facilities. There is virtually no area in our society, no aspect of our day-to-day existence, that is not influenced or directed by crystal devices. Crystals, in only a few decades, have become the most indispensable commodities in our mechanized and electrified civilization.

Crystal technology is so complex and sophisticated that advances and improvements in one area automatically have repercussions in many others. For example, the transistor industry benefited enormously from research supported by NASA for our manned space program. The high vacuum systems developed to test equipment in simulated space conditions spurred rapid advances in a kind of plating process known as sputtering (part of so-called thin-film technology) that permitted

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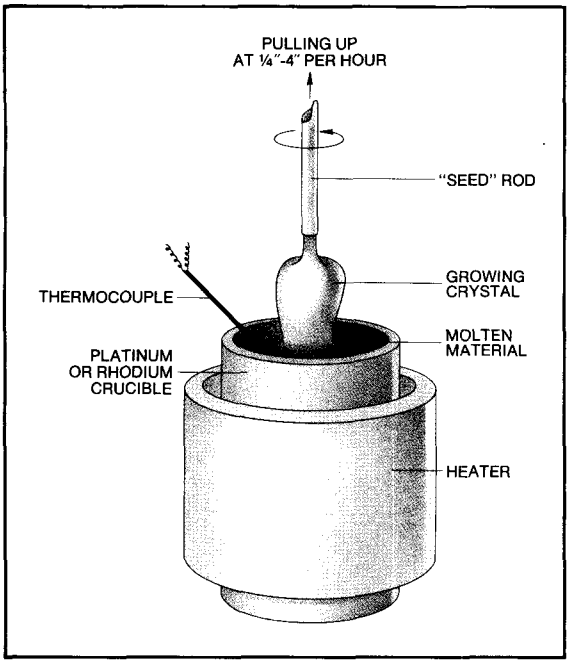

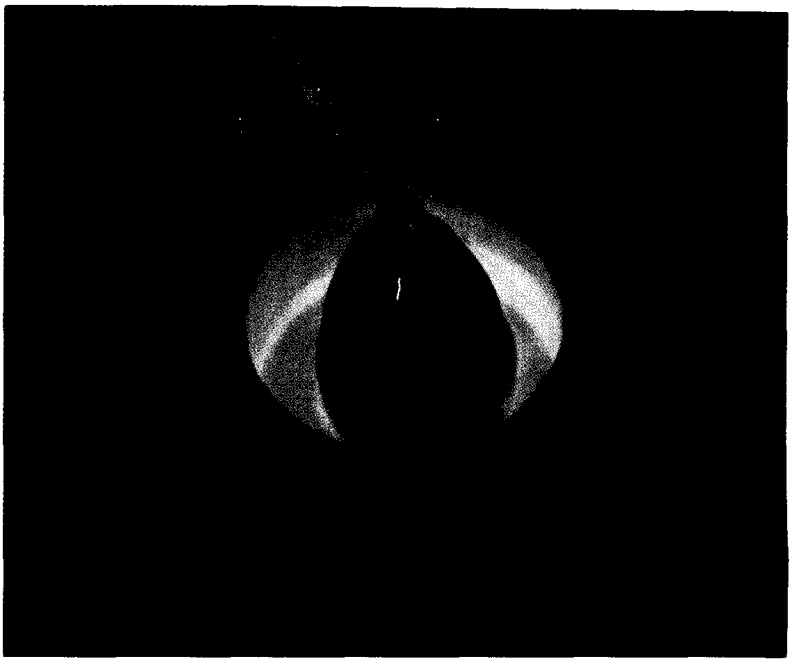

In the Czochralski technique (left), one of the most popular among crystal growers, a seed crystal is lowered to the surface of a crucible of molten material of the same substance, held there briefly, and then slowly rotated and withdrawn. The molten material attaches to the seed crystal and solidifies. A foot-long crystal can be grown with this technique in as little as three hours. At right, a crystal of lead molybdate is grown using the Czochralski technique.

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great improvements in the manufacture of transistors. Improved and more reliable transistors in turn enabled the computer industry to develop smaller, faster, and more powerful machines that made possible the unbelievably complex calculations required to place a man on the moon.

Technological advancement in the solid-state industry as a whole, in fact, is characterized by the importance of feedback. No area of basic research can be neglected because it may result in unsuspected benefits to dozens of important technologies. The space program is again a good example. Taxpayers who support this research ultimately benefit in hundreds of ways—smaller radios, television sets, and hearing aids, better telephone service, artificial hearts, faster airline reservations, and thousands of improvements in goods and services—all the result of advances in crystal technologies.

Interest in synthetic crystals has reached a level where crystal growers have formed their own professional organization, the American Association for Crystal Growth (AACG). A scientist at Oak Ridge National Laboratories has undertaken the massive job of archiving the thousands of papers and books on topics in materials science that have appeared in the last few decades. Until recently, however, there was no central archive for the crystals themselves, no place where a research scientist might see a cross section of materials produced by a wide variety of manufacturers. Such an archive now exists at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

The National Synthetics Collection was conceived as a long-range documentary of the synthetics industry. It will preserve historic crystals (such as "first-grown" crystals of various materials) and catalogue representative samples of the products of many laboratories and industrial facilities. The collection is also envisioned as the home of numerous "accidentally formed" crystals, which are the result of equipment malfunctions in production. These crystal "misfits" are of great interest as examples of semi-random processes similar to those encountered in rocks where natural crystals form. Mineralogists can learn something about the growth of crystals in nature from these "misfits." The presence of accidentally formed crystals in the existing mineral collection and their relationship to natural crystal growth is the chief reason why the National Synthetics Collection is housed within the Smithsonian's mineral sciences department.

Another reason is that many of the synthetic materials that are manufactured today are man-made equivalents of natural minerals, such as ruby, sapphire, spinel, garnet, and others. The materials scientist who wishes to obtain some information about the properties of a particular crystal before he spends the time and money required to grow it in the laboratory turns to the mineralogist for a sample of a natural crystal on which to perform his measurements. The Smithsonian receives scores of requests like this every year.

The men who preserved specimens of every known animal species fifty years ago could not possibly have known that, in 1972, society would be concerned about such heavy metals as mercury in the environment. Yet if these animals were not preserved, we would have no uncontaminated samples against which to judge current pollution levels. This subtle but powerful concept leads to the conclusion that everything a museum can acquire may have ultimate use, and there is no way to know what may or may not be useful at some future time. A museum therefore acquires anything it can within its scope of interests, provided the space and funds are available. The Smithsonian has been called the "nation's attic"; and attics are often a source of rare and valuable antiques. Many years from now crystal researchers may discover unpredicted and important properties of materials. It might be of great interest and significance to examine crystals grown many years previously, using techniques that perhaps later became obsolete. The National Synthetics Collection will preserve these crystals, often the first crystals grown of specific materials.

Of the hundreds of thousands of compounds known to the chemist, only a tiny fraction of 1 per cent have been examined for possible technological use. We are living in the very early years of a field that will eventually reshape our entire culture; it has already started to do so. It is fortunate for the crystal grower that the fruits of his labors are not only useful but in many cases highly esthetic. Although the vast majority of us may never see a transistor or a laser, we should be aware of the crystals glittering at the heart of most of the devices serving our technological civilization. □

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For decades science fiction writers have broken the celestial speed limit, the speed of light, by sending their spaceships into "hyperspace." Does this region beyond space exist? Is there, in fact, an ultimate speed limit?

THE ULTIMATE SPEED LIMIT

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

If you push something hard enough, it begins to move. If you continue to push it while it moves, it accelerates; that is, it keeps moving faster and faster. Is there a limit to how fast it can move? If we just keep on pushing and pushing, will it go faster and faster and faster? Or won't it?

When something moves, it has kinetic energy. The quantity of kinetic energy possessed by a moving object depends upon its velocity and its mass. Velocity is a straightforward property that is easy to grasp. To be told something is moving at a high or a low velocity brings a clear picture to mind. Mass, however, is a little more subtle.

Mass is related to the ease with which an object can be accelerated. Suppose you have two baseballs; one is conventional, and the other is an exact imitation in solid steel. It would take much more effort to accelerate the steel ball to a particular speed by throwing it than it would the ordinary baseball. The steel ball, therefore, has more mass.

Gravitational pull also depends on mass. The steel ball is attracted more strongly to the earth than the baseball because the steel ball has more mass. In general, then, on the surface of the earth, a more massive object is heavier than a less massive one. In fact, it is common (but not really correct) to say "heavier" and "lighter" when we mean "more massive" and "less massive."

But back to our moving object with kinetic energy that depends on both velocity and mass. If our moving object is made to move more rapidly by means of that push we're talking about, then its kinetic energy increases. This increase is reflected both in an increase in velocity and in an increase in mass, the two factors on which kinetic energy depends.

At low velocities, the ordinary velocities in the world about us, most of the increase in kinetic energy goes into increase in velocity and very little into increase in mass. In fact, the increase in mass is so tiny at ordinary velocities that it could not be measured. It was assumed that as an object gained kinetic energy, *only* the velocity increased—the mass remained unchanged.

As a result, mass was often incorrectly defined as simply the quantity of matter in a particular object, something that obviously couldn't change with velocity.

In the 1890s, however, theoretical reasons arose for considering the possibility that mass increased as velocity increased. Then, in 1905, Albert Einstein explained the matter exactly in his Special Theory of Relativity. He presented an equation that described just how mass increased as velocity increased.

Using this equation, you can calculate that an object with a mass of 1 kilogram when it is at rest has a mass of 1.005 kilograms when it is moving at 30,000 kilometers a second. (A velocity of 30,000 kilometers per second—about 18,600 miles per second—is far greater than any velocity measured prior to the twentieth century, and even then the increase in mass is only half of 1 per cent. It's no surprise that the mass increase was never suspected until the 1890s.)

As velocity continues to increase, the mass begins to increase more rapidly. At 150,000 kilometers per second, an object that has a "rest mass" of 1 kilogram has a mass of 1.15 kilograms. At 270,000 kilometers per second, the mass has risen to 2.29 kilograms.

As the mass increases, however, the difficulty of further accelerating the object—making it move still faster—also increases. (That's the definition of mass.) A push of a given size becomes

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less and less effective as a way of increasing the object's velocity and more and more effective as a way of increasing its mass. By the time velocity has increased to 299,000 kilometers per second, almost all the energy gained by an object through further pushes goes into an increase in mass and very little goes into an increase in velocity. This is just the opposite of the situation at very low or "normal" velocities.

As we approach a velocity of 299,792.5 kilometers per second, just about *all* the extra energy derived from a push goes into additional mass and almost *none* goes into additional velocity. If a velocity of 299,792.5 kilometers per second could actually be reached, the mass of any moving object with a rest mass greater than zero would be infinite. No push, however great, could then make it move faster.

As it happens, 299,792.5 kilometers per second (about 186,000 miles per second) is the speed of light. Thus what Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity tells us is that it is impossible for any object with mass to be accelerated to speeds equal to or greater than the speed of light. The speed of light (in a vacuum) is the absolute speed limit for objects with mass, objects such as ourselves and our spaceships.

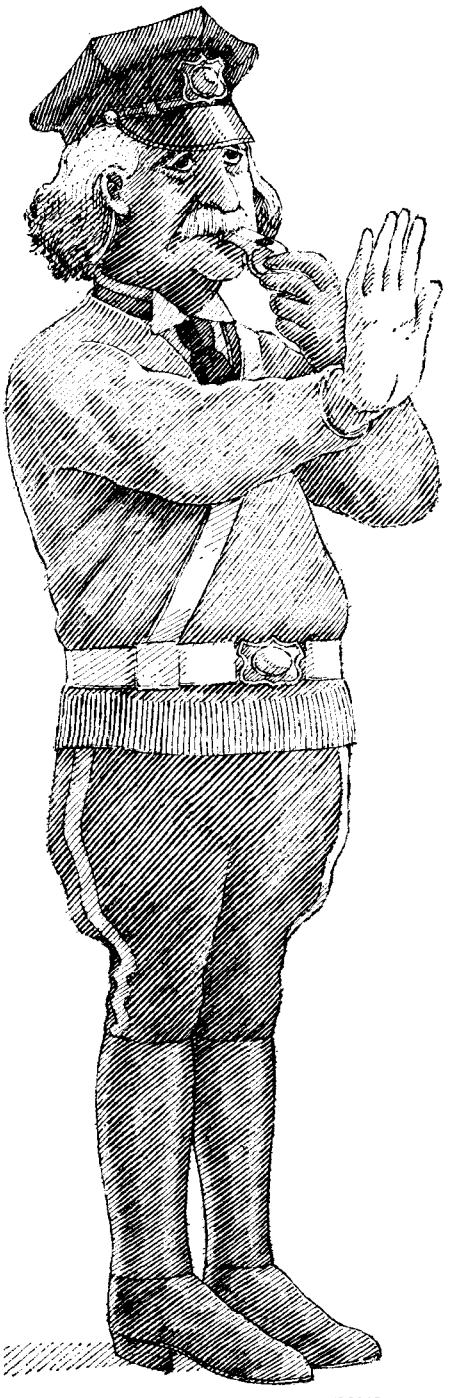
Nor is this just theory. Velocities at very nearly the speed of light have been measured since the Special Theory was announced and the increase in mass was found to be exactly as predicted. The Special Theory predicted all sorts of phenomena that have since been observed with great accuracy, and there seems to be no reason to doubt the theory or to doubt the fact that the speed of light is the speed limit for all objects with mass.

But let's get more fundamental. All objects with mass are made up of combinations of subatomic particles that themselves possess mass; for example, the proton, the electron, and the neutron. Such particles must always move at speeds less than that of light. They are called "tardyons," a name invented by physicist Olexa-Myron Bilaniuk and his co-workers.

There also are particles that at rest would have no mass at all—a rest mass of zero. However, these particles are never at rest, so the value of the rest mass must be determined indirectly. Bilaniuk therefore suggested the term "proper mass" be used to replace rest mass in order to avoid speaking of the rest mass of something that is never at rest.

It turns out that any particle with a proper mass of zero *must* travel at the speed of 299,792.5 kilometers per second, no more, no less. Light is made up of photons, particles that have a proper mass of zero. This is why light travels at 299,792.5 kilometers per second and why this speed is known as the "speed of light." Other particles with proper mass of zero, such as neutrinos and gravitons, also travel at the speed of light. Bilaniuk suggested that all such zero mass particles be termed "luxons" from a Latin word for "light."

This celestial speed limit, the speed of light, has been of particular annoyance to writers of science fiction because it has seriously limited the scope of their stories. The nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is 25 trillion miles away. Traveling at the speed of light, it would take 4.3 years (earthtime) to go from earth to Alpha Centauri, and another 4.3 years to come back. Special Relativity's speed limit therefore means that a minimum of 8.6 years must pass on earth before anything can make a round trip to even the nearest star. A minimum of 600 years must pass before anything can get to the Pole Star and back. A minimum of 150,000 years must pass before anything can get to the other end of the Galaxy and back. A minimum of 5 million years must pass before anything can get to the Andromeda Galaxy and back.



DRAWINGS BY CHARLES B. SLACKMAN

Taking these *minimum* time lapses into account (and remembering that the actual time lapse would be much larger under any reasonable conditions) would make any science fiction story involving interstellar travel extraordinarily complicated. Science fiction writers who wished to avoid these complications would find themselves confined to the solar system only.

What can be done? To begin with, science fiction writers might ignore the whole thing and pretend there is no limit. That, however, is not real science fiction; it is just fairy tales. On the other hand, science fiction writers can sigh and accept the speed limit with all its complications.

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L. Sprague de Camp did so routinely and Poul Anderson recently wrote a novel, *Tau Zero*, that accepted the limit in a very fruitful manner. Finally, science fiction writers might find some more-or-less plausible way of getting around the speed limit. Thus, Edward E. Smith, in his series of intergalactic romances, assumed some device for reducing the inertia of any object to zero. With zero inertia, any push can produce infinite acceleration, and Smith reasoned that any velocity up to the infinite would therefore become possible.

Of course, there is no known way of reducing inertia to zero. Even if there were a way, inertia is completely equivalent to mass and to reduce inertia to zero is to reduce mass to zero. Particles without mass *can* be accelerated with infinite ease, but only to the speed of light. Smith's zero-inertia drive would make possible travel *at* the speed of light but not *faster* than light.

A much more common science fictional device is to imagine an object leaving our universe altogether.

To see what this means, let's consider a simple analogy. Suppose that a person must struggle along on foot across very difficult country—mountainous and full of cliffs, declivities, torrential rivers, and so on. He might well argue that it was completely impossible to travel more than two miles a day. If he has so long concentrated on surface travel as to consider it the only form of progress conceivable, he might well come to imagine that a speed limit of two miles per day represents a natural law and an ultimate limit under all circumstances.

But what if he travels through the air, not necessarily in a powered device such as a jet plane or rocket, but in something as simple as a balloon? He can then easily cover two miles in an hour or less, regardless of how broken and difficult the ground beneath him is. In getting into a balloon, he moved outside the "universe" to which his fancied ultimate speed limit applied. Or, speakng in dimensions, he derived a speed limit for two-dimensional travel along a surface, but it did not apply to travel in three dimensions by way of a balloon.

Similarly, the Einsteinian limit might be conceived of as applying only to our own space. In that case, what if we could move into something beyond space, as our balloonist moved into something beyond surface. In the region beyond space, or "hyperspace," there might be no speed limit at all. You could move at any velocity, however enormous, by the proper application of energy and then, after a time lapse of a few seconds, perhaps, re-enter ordinary space at some point that would have required two centuries of travel in the ordinary fashion.

Hyperspace, expressly stated or quietly assumed, has been part of the stock in trade of science fiction writers for several decades now.

Few, if any, science fiction writers supposed hyperspace and faster-than-light travel to be anything more than convenient fiction that made it simpler to develop the intricacies and pathways of plots on a galactic and supergalactic scale. Yet, surprisingly enough, science seemed to come to their rescue. What science fiction writers were groping toward by means of pure imagination was something that, in a way, seemed to have justification after all in Special Relativity.

Suppose we imagine an object with a rest mass of 1 kilogram moving at 425,000 kilometers per second, nearly half again as fast as the speed of light. We might dismiss this as impossible but, for a moment, let's not. Rather, let us use Einstein's equation to calculate what its mass would be if it did reach this speed.

It is a common rule in theoretical physics that anything not forbidden by the basic laws of nature must take place.

It turns out that, according to Einstein's equation, an object with a rest mass of 1 kilogram moving at 425,000 kilometers per second has a mass equal to $\sqrt{-1}$ kilograms. The expression $\sqrt{-1}$ is what mathematicians call an "imaginary number." Such numbers are not really imaginary and have important uses, but they are not the kind of numbers ordinarily considered appropriate for measuring mass. The general feeling would be to consider an imaginary mass as "absurd" and let it go at that.

In 1962, however, Bilaniuk and his co-workers decided to check into the matter of imaginary mass and see if it might be given meaning. Perhaps an imaginary mass merely implied a set of properties that were different from those possessed by objects with ordinary mass. For instance, an object with ordinary mass speeds up when pushed and slows down when it makes its way through a resisting medium. What if an object with imaginary mass slowed down when it was pushed and speeded up when it made its way through a resisting medium? On the same line of thought, an object with ordinary mass has more energy the faster it goes. What if an object with imaginary mass has *less* energy the faster it goes?

Once such concepts were introduced, Bilaniuk and his associates were able to show that objects with imaginary mass, traveling faster than the speed of light, did not *violate* Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. In 1967, physicist Gerald Feinberg, in discussing these faster-than-light particles, called them "tachyons" from a Greek word meaning "speed."

However, tachyons have their own limitations. As they gain energy by be-

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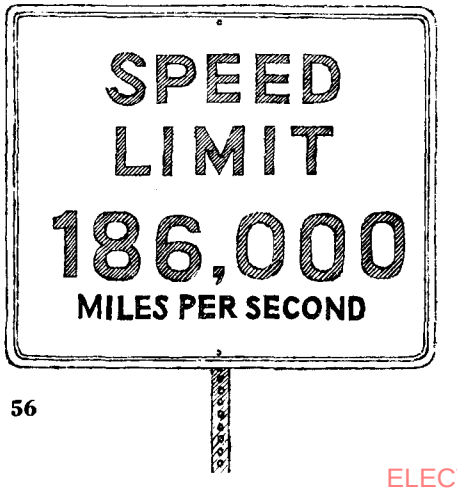
ing pushed, they slow down. As they move slower and slower, it becomes more and more difficult to make them move still slower. When they approach the speed of light, they cannot be made to go any more slowly.

There are, then, three classes of particles: 1) *Tardyons*, which have a proper mass greater than zero and which can move at any velocity *less* than the speed of light, but can never move at the speed of light or faster; 2) *Luxons*, which have a proper mass of zero and which can move *only* at the speed of light; and 3) *Tachyons*, which have an imaginary proper mass and which can move at any velocity *greater* than the speed of light, but can never move at the speed of light or slower.

Granted that this third class, the tachyons, can exist without violating Special Relativity, do they *actually* exist? It is a common rule in theoretical physics, one accepted by many physicists, that anything not forbidden by the basic laws of nature *must* take place. If the tachyons are not forbidden, then they must exist. But can we detect them?

In theory, there is a way of doing so. When a tachyon passes through a vacuum at more than the speed of light (as it must), it leaves a flash of light trailing behind it. If this light were detected, one could, from the light's properties, identify and characterize the tachyon that has passed. Unfortunately, a tachyon moving at more than the speed of light remains in a particular vicinity—say, in the neighborhood of a detecting device—for only an incredibly small fraction of a second. The chances of detecting a tachyon are therefore incredibly small, and none have as yet been detected. (But that doesn't prove they don't exist.)

It is perfectly possible to convert a particle from one class to another. For example, an electron and a positron, both of which are tardyons, can combine to form gamma rays. Gamma rays are composed of luxons and can be converted back into electrons and positrons. There would seem, then, to be no theoretical objection to the conversion of tardyons to tachyons and back again, if the proper procedure could be found.



Suppose, then, that it were possible to convert all the tardyons in a spaceship, together with its contents, both animate and inanimate, into equivalent tachyons. The tachyon-spaceship, with no perceptible interval of acceleration, would be moving at perhaps 1,000 times the speed of light and would get to the neighborhood of Alpha Centauri in a little over a day. There it would be reconverted into tardyons.

It must be admitted that this is a lot harder to do than to say. How does one convert tardyons into tachyons while maintaining all the intricate interrelationships between the tardyons, say, in a human body? How does one control the exact speed and direction of travel of the tachyons? How does one convert the tachyons back into tardyons with such precision that everything is returned exactly to the original without disturbing that delicate phenomenon called life?

But suppose it could be done. In that case, going to the distant stars and galaxies by way of the tachyon-universe would be exactly equivalent to the science fictional dream of making the trip by way of hyperspace. Would the speed limit then be lifted? Would the universe, in theory at least, be at our feet?

Maybe not. In an article I wrote in 1969, I suggested that the two universes that are separated by the "luxon wall," ours of the tardyons and the other of the tachyons, represented a suspicious asymmetry. It seemed to me that the laws of nature were basically symmetrical, and to imagine speeds less than light on one side of the wall and speeds greater than light on the other wasn't right.

Properly speaking, I suggested (without any mathematical analysis at all and arguing entirely from intuition) that whichever side of the luxon wall you were on would seem to be the tardyon universe and it would always be the other side that was the tachyon universe. In that way there would be perfect symmetry: Both sides would be tardyon to themselves; both sides tachyon to the other. In an article entitled "Space-Time" in the 1971 issue of the *McGraw-Hill Yearbook of Science and Technology*, Bilaniuk subjected the matter to careful mathematical analysis. He found that there *was* just this symmetry between the two universes.

If this is so, the speed limit remains. No matter how spaceships shift back and forth between universes, they are always tardyon, and it is always the other universe that is going faster than the speed of light. Science fiction writers must, after all, look elsewhere for their hyperspace. □

What science fiction writers were groping toward by means of pure imagination was something that seemed to have justification in Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity.

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Three Poets: Can Belief and Form Come in Bags of Tricks?

BY PETER DALE

DELUSIONS, ETC.
by John Berryman
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 70 pp., $6.95
THREE POEMS
by John Ashbery
Viking, 118 pp., $5.95
THE FLAG THE HAWK FLIES
by Ned O'Gorman
Knopf, 76 pp., $4.95

Twice it has been my sorry task to criticize the works of poets recently dead. The publishers continue their literary duty of bringing out the posthumous volumes; I am afraid that it is the critic's job to follow them and continue the literary process. What one is judging is a book, not a man.

Two problems raised by these new books of poems are perennial in the course of modern poetry. They are the problem of belief and abstract ideas—the whole language problem—and the problem of form. In an article of this length, one can deal only with their re-in/statement (to use a Berrymanic pun); a restatement is due since there is a tendency to assume that problems vanish when not mentioned.

On the topic of belief, T. S. Eliot wrote (in "A Note on Belief" from *The Enemy*, a literary magazine of the Twenties):

> I cannot see that poetry can ever be separated from something which I should call belief, and to which I cannot see any reason for refusing the name of belief, unless we are to reshuffle names altogether. . . .

One might note, however, that the weakest of Eliot's poems are those in which belief and its trappings are most direct: "Ash Wednesday" or "The Hollow Men." Curiously, these poems are formally the least satisfying. Deny the relevance or truth of the beliefs in them and the incantations of repetition and the liturgy become a solemn game. (Prayer is language at its furthest remove from poetry. Poetry may make nothing happen, as Auden has it, but prayer seeks to move God, and a poem/prayer seeks to move readers by its appeal to God.)

In poetry, belief and abstract ideas must be approached, if at all, by oblique methods: an enhancement of the esthetic interest, a convincing rhythm, and a concrete demonstration rather than abstract assertion. This is the chief success of "Four Quartets," wherein one can to some extent suspend one's disbelief during the passages of concrete presentation. Yeats fails most thoroughly where he is least concrete and most abstract in his beliefs as in "The Phases of the Moon," "Ego Dominus Tuus," or "Under Ben Bulben." Even those who cannot suspend their disbelief in his ideas find a powerful rhythmic and esthetic interest in the Byzantium poems, "Among School Children," or "Leda and the Swan."

In general, the poet should be afraid to speak such big words as "Eternity," "God," "Patriotism," "Nature," etc., for they are crossroads of confusion rather than points of rest. He cannot know by what road his readers separately come across these junctures in his work. In particular, the late John Berryman, by speaking in his poems through his on-the-spot persona, Henry, avoided this difficulty. The rule for the poet is Rémy de Gourmont's "The whole effort of a sincere man is to erect his personal impressions into universal laws." I would swap "laws" for "poems." Poetry is itself a mode of belief.

In his religious poems, however, Berryman cannot adopt the Eliot/Yeats method of indulging his belief and hoping that the formal interest will at least carry conviction, and for two very good reasons: First, he has no clearly personal sense of rhythm or form; second, the whole effort of his earlier work is away from any expectation of belief. Berryman has long settled for a quirky mannerism instead of a style or form. Not only does he ventriloquize Henry, he also picks up other poets' voices in passing. Lacking a personal rhythm, he devised *personalized* gimmicks. These oddities developed as a means of conveying several impressions or contrarieties at once but degenerated into a trademark. They were never better used than in the birth sequence in "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet":

> So squeezed, wince you I scream? I love you & hate
> off with you. Ages! *Useless.* Below my waist
> he has me in Hell's vise.
> Stalling. He let go. Come back: brace
> me somewhere. No. No. Yes! everything down
> hardens I press with horrible joy down
> my back cracks like a wrist
> shame I am voiding oh behind it is too late

But the voice belongs to Gerard Manley Hopkins.

In *The Dream Songs*, the odd spacings, weird spellings, crazy inversions, word-splitting puns, and contorted syntax are used to confuse the issue. Tone in literature is to a large extent established by linguistic precedent and usage. By his bag of syntactical tricks, which defy usage in an unprecedented way, Berryman deliberately jammed the reader's equipment for tone detection. The result is that under the din of devices the writer can be solemn and self-pitying about his illnesses, sex life, and genius, without running the risk of

Peter Dale, associate editor of *Agenda*, a British literary magazine, is the author of two books of poems, *The Storms* and *Mortal Fire*. His metrical translation of the poems of François Villon will be published in Great Britain this fall.

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being found out. If the serious intention is missed, then the comedy was intended, and vice versa. The technique is ultimately meretricious.

Yet underneath the protective modernistic appearance runs a very traditional, even hackneyed, subject matter. The songs celebrate love, children, friendship; regret aging and loneliness; reiterate the dying falls of autumn moods; and mourn the deaths of colleagues. There is point enough in this without the bogus panoply of devices with their artificially imposed prestige of "major" work.

These same devices are used in *Delusions, Etc.* for similar, distracting purposes: to defend the poems from skepticism by an appearance of doubt, self-mockery, and struggle; to confuse our sense of tone; to bank on baffled respect for modernism; and to serve in lieu of rhythm and form. The first poem is meant to be comic-pathetic, but I cannot see that the contorted syntax and diction add to this:

> . . . Men
> with Him are potent: quasars we intuit,
> and sequent to sufficient discipline
> we perceive this glow keeping His winter
> out.

The occasional success of these dodges as in the multiple pun:

> . . . smiling on our silliness You forged.

hardly justifies them. The sense of strain cancels out the rare felicity:

> I hit a hundred and twenty notes a second
> as many as I may to the glory of
> confronting—
> unstable man, man torn by blast & gale—
> Your figure, adamantly frontal.

Thinness of thought and emotion is not strengthened by pointless contortion:

> Vanity! hog-vanity, ape-lust
> slimed half my blue day, interspersed
> solely almost with conversation feared,
> difficult, dear, leaned forward toward &
> savoured,
>
> survivaling between. . . .

Poetry and belief require a sense of inevitability. Berryman's contortions rarely seem inevitable. As Pope said, "The ambition of surprising the reader is the true natural cause of all fustian and bombast in poetry."

When Berryman reduces these gimmicks, the problem of belief stares right out:

> I really believe He's here all over this room
> in a motor hotel in Wallace Stevens' town.

As a statement of God's immanence, this is not intellectually remarkable; as a statement of belief, it is decidedly odd. What possible significance can there be in the fact that it is Wallace Stevens's town except to remind us that Berryman is in his poet role and to spread a bardic protection over lines that have no other poetry? There are, in general, too many literary occasions in his work.

The real weakness of these religious poems can be seen by comparison with Auden's *Horae Canonicae*; these have a sense of immediacy, expressing an Audenesque myth of human psychology in Christian terms. Berryman attempts to deal abstractly with Christian ideas in a kind of dramatic sub-Hopkinsese:

> Thou hard. I will be blunt: Like widening
> blossoms again glad toward Your soothe
> of sun
> & solar drawing forth, I find meself
> little this bitter morning, Lord, tonight.

Nothing is gained by not saying "soothing sun" (except that it reveals a cliché) nor by not saying "myself."

The other poems in this book reveal that monstrous egotism and cultural narcissism that are monumental in *The Dream Songs*. Some of the most poetic moments are anecdotes from Dylan Thomas or remarks of Beethoven's. ("Religion and figured bass are closed concepts. Don't argue.") Little is done with these except to record them quirkily. Like the dirges for dead poets in the songs, they attempt self-aggrandizement through an implicit equation to the writer. The Romanticism and solipsism of all this are revealed in a line about Beethoven:

> You march and chant around here! I hear
> your thighs.

Beethoven's thighs?

John Ashbery, in *Three Poems*, faces the same problem of lack of form and the wrestle with abstraction. His method is to assume doggedly that this problem will go away if he keeps going long enough. The most one can say is he seems to know what he is doing:

> I thought that if I could put it all down,
> that would be one way. . . .

He goes right ahead and puts it all down, mentioning the problems of detail and concreteness in passing:

> The "luxury" of details that coagulate
> into the old sad excitement told us so
> little, really: at most the secret of choosing
> the most significant ones to be put to-
> gether into something to play that takes
> up time, a scansion of that tough anxiety,
> ordering without analyzing it. . . .

The fault is not so much the inclusiveness as the abstraction, however deliberate. The so-called poems are written in an abstract, low-key prose of mixed jargons unwary of irony, bathos, or juxtaposition:

> . . . a certain amount of hardship has to be
> accepted if we want the river-journey to
> continue; life cannot be a series of totally
> pleasant events, and we must accept the
> bad if we also wish the good; indeed a
> certain amount of evil is necessary to set
> it in the proper relief. . . .

There's no point in an inclusiveness so unrelieved that it propounds such philosophical gems. When poets turn to prose-poetry and discard the rhythms of poetry, they replace them by another distinction from real prose. This ludicrous mixture of jargons is no answer. The prose-poetry is further called into question here by Ashbery's lapse into what I can only label poetry-prose:

> One can accomplish the thing quite
> quickly
> And turn toward the ruled outside space
> That defines our hesitations so
> majestically
> Though negatively.

Ned O'Gorman (in *The Flag the Hawk Flies*) has no doubts or struggles with form, style, belief, or genius. Not for him, the interminable wrestle with words and meanings. Poetry is the first thing that springs into his head:

> Blue is the stammerer's color.
> Yellow, the color of the lion tamer.

More surprisingly:

> The color of blood is no color. . . .

And astoundingly:

> I've invented wail, a color that is all colors
> —no colors. . . .

God is simply a hangover:

> . . . Well, there I was
> six floors up in the middle of a block
> I knew but
> did not know for I was drunk on
> the Lord's
> blood and such a drunkenness it was.

And genius?

> genius faces
> the four winds and stacks the universe
> into a construction of fire,
> science, architecture, magnitude and
> letterings. . . .

That is what most of this book is: letterings; "sentences" would be too strong a word to use of a diction touching on nothing real. □

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ANTHONY TROLLOPE
by James Pope Hennessy
Little, Brown, 400 pp., $10

Reviewed by Leon Edel

From the point of view of the biographer, Anthony Trollope is a splendid subject. His mother was the wittily critical author of *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. He came from a strong Irish background, had a penurious childhood, led a life of constant daydream; there was a marriage to a self-effacing but clearly authoritarian woman, and then his career as the chronicler of the hearty side of English life —"a good, roaring, positive fellow," said James Russell Lowell on meeting him. Trollope roared; he bellowed; he wrote. He couldn't stop writing. The ship might pitch and toss, but he would scribble his daily quota of words during the worst storms at a desk rigged up for him by the ship's carpenter. On a train journey out came the writing board! Trollope boasted that he had to produce a prescribed number of words every fifteen minutes, by the clock, every morning. The storytelling faculty of such a "turned-on" individual must be thoroughly examined and analyzed if his biography is to be more than a mere *curriculum vitae*. What were Trollope's daydreams? Why was he always writing about a girl's love for two men or a young man's love for two girls? What was behind the fantasy of the great lady who turns to forgery or the woman who pretends that her diamonds are stolen when she has them all the time? What lay behind Trollope's profound understanding of what we today call the "paranoid" state? A splendid case in point is the novel *He Knew He Was Right*, aptly titled since paranoid people generally believe they are right.

James Pope Hennessy has given us a handsome book, one whose fine illustrations visually establish the flavor of the man and his work. The text, however, is disappointingly limited. Hennessy, who has written other and better biographies, here gives us simply a discursive account of Trollope's life, mixed up with a running commentary on Trollope's novels. He contents himself with plot summaries and small private judgments. What is omitted is the large outline of Trollope's inner landscape—discernible to anyone who looks closely at the 130 and some books Trollope saw through the press. This is a large amount of fantasy and imagina-

Leon Edel has just published *The Master*, the final book of his five-part life of Henry James.

C. P. Snow in praise
of the new book by

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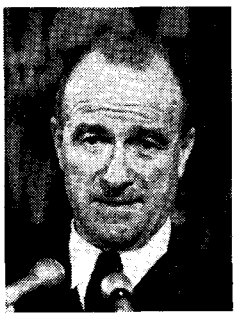

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CHARLES DICKENS:
HARD TIMES

All the mothers could (and did) dance upon the slack wire and the tight rope, and perform rapid acts on barebacked steeds; none of them were at all particular in respect of showing their legs. . . . They all assumed to be mighty rakish and knowing.

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tion set down on paper; yet the view these works afford of their creator is singularly consistent and embodies the "dynamic" of his character and personality throughout the course of four decades.

One remarkable aspect of Trollope was that, while he lived a great deal in obsessive daydream, there was an outgoing side of his nature that enabled him to dress his fantasies in observed reality. He had a delight in domestic manners, in money affairs, in the way the world lives and struggles and quarrels. He had a deep feeling for the innocence of girlhood, and he was authoritative in all clerical matters, so that he paints a fine gallery of the hierarchies in the Church of England—

Anthony Trollope—"a classical obsessive . . . a very English Balzac."

one, moreover, that shows bishops, vicars, wardens living as confused humans. I know of no better summer reading than one of Trollope's novels. And the man behind these stories belongs to biography. His life in the world of fantasy and the world of action—he was a high official in the British post office—and his insistence that in writing he practiced a craft, not an art, that the act of writing was mechanical, suggest to us a prodigious, harnessed passion in the man, a classical obsessive, a driven being like Balzac. Still, he was a very English Balzac, who, where love was concerned, dealt in the spirit rather than the flesh, yet understood the physicality of his eating, drinking, hunting, churchgoing, *living* English. His productivity, his energy, his own hunting and globe-trotting—he was one of the earliest writers to go "banging about the world"—his love of food and drink, and his general splenetic personality make Hemingway look anemic. Hemingway's writings are a trickle—in spite of all the roar of him—beside the torrent of Trollope.

A prodigious Walter Mitty, Trollope turned the focus of his fantasy on a large segment of mid-Victorian life. Mr. Hennessy quotes Henry James as having said that Trollope's great merit was his "appreciation of the usual." One could say this, in American literature, of William Dean Howells. But Howells had more art in him than Trollope, and Trollope had more life than Howells. He has come down to us because, though he wrote for the moment, a great part of the life of his time went into his work. His own life, however, still needs to be charted. In the meantime it is regrettable that Mr. Hennessy has made so dull a book of so rich a figure.

AS EVER, SCOTT FITZ:
Letters Between F. Scott Fitzgerald and His Literary Agent, Harold Ober, 1919-1940
edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli, with the assistance of Jennifer McCabe Atkinson
Lippincott, 441 pp., $15

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

For scholars, as for God, not even the least flutter of a bird's wing goes unnoticed—or so it seems to be with those savants who have concerned themselves with Scott Fitzgerald. It is therefore not at all astonishing to have put into print the annotated letters exchanged over a span of twenty years between the novelist and his agent. One can only admire the diligence of Matthew J. Bruccoli in arranging these letters with such evident tender, loving care; at the same time, though, one can only question whether the letters represent more than pedantry—whether they add substantially to the body of knowledge about Fitzgerald already available in less discursive form.

Well, I think these letters do etch in some details of Fitzgerald's wayward life, but I doubt if they will oblige us to alter the portraits his major biographers have already painted. This is not by way of being churlish to Professor Bruccoli, a man of great industry and enthusiasm; but rather it is to say that the Fitzgerald-Ober letters seldom discuss purely literary matters and are in fact primarily concerned with the writer's never diminishing ability to spend more money than he took in.

To set matters straight, Ober was the agent—he preferred the term "representative"—for Fitzgerald's stories, but not for his novels, for which Fitzgerald was his own agent. That Ober was a splendid agent is clear, for he netted his client more than a quarter of a million dollars between 1919 and 1936.

Harold Ober—"he deeply disapproved of Fitzgerald's . . . casual way with money."

In their relationship Ober was more concerned, as Bruccoli justly notes, with Fitzgerald's marketability than with his genius as a writer. At the same time Ober was dedicated to his client as a friend, a dedication that was not always reciprocated. Without complaint Ober served as Fitzgerald's banker—he advanced thousands against unwritten stories in a vain effort to keep his client solvent—and accountant and adviser. What is more, Ober's friendship went against his New England grain in the sense that he deeply disapproved of Fitzgerald's lifestyle, not to mention his casual way with money.

The majority of the letters have to do with money. The question, "Can you

---

Alden Whitman is the author of *The Obituary Book*. He is on the staff of the *New York Times* and is a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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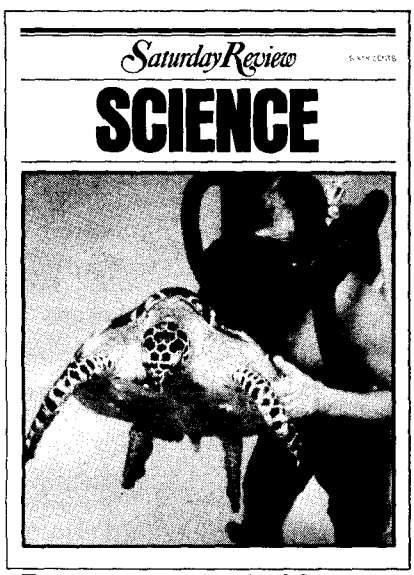

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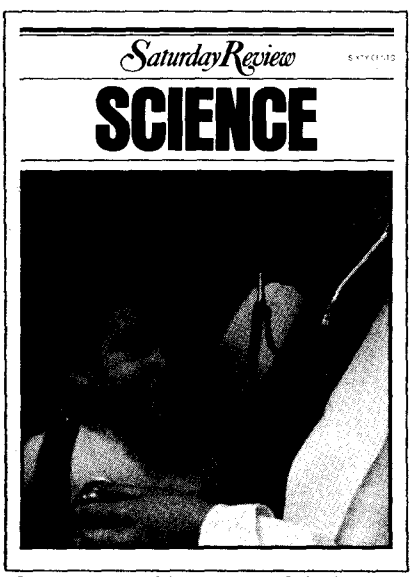

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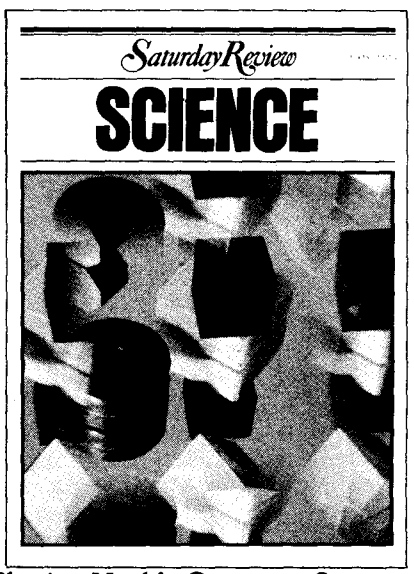

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deposit one thousand dollars?" (the sum varies, naturally) keeps recurring, as does the sentence, "I hope to God that money to be deposited Monday will be either by cash or certified check."

Apart from Fitzgerald's perpetual importunities for money, the letters disclose that, contrary to the general view, he did work hard over his short stories, even at a time when he was assumed to be hacking them out.

Few authors think well of their agents for very long, and Fitzgerald was no exception. The break came over money. When he went to Hollywood and the quick buck in 1937, Fitzgerald owed Ober $20,000, a sum he repaid only to start again to press for fresh advances. Despite pleading telegrams, Ober declined to supply the cash, and the two were estranged in all but formal business matters from then until Fitzgerald's death in 1940.

Devoted Fitzgeraldites will, of course, count this book a necessity. Those less fond of every detail of his life, and I confess myself one of these, will find the book interesting to skip and skim through, but not indispensable to their intellectual armoire.

FREEDOM AND BEYOND
by John Holt
Dutton, 273 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Nat Hentoff

Seven years ago, citing John Holt's writings to students at schools of education and at meetings of school administrators, I would rarely find anyone who had even heard of him. Now that Holt and other children's advocates against deadening schools (like George Dennison and James Herndon) have come into style, what effect have they had on our educational system? "For all the talk, experiments, federal fundings, special programs, revolutions in education, and so forth of the past years, most of our schools have changed very little," writes Holt in *Freedom and Beyond*.

Accordingly, Holt has decided to move on from his famous earlier works. He has joined Ivan Illich as an evangelist for a deschooled society. Not necessarily a society without any schools at all—some may still want them—but rather a society in which "nobody would be compelled to go to school, [either] by the law [or] by the threat of joblessness, poverty, discrimination, and exclusion from society—all of which are in force today. . . . It would be a society in which there were many paths to learning and advancement, instead of one school path as we have now—a path far too narrow for everyone, and one too easily and too often blocked off from the poor."

It's a marvelously inviting vision, but perhaps we ought not to expect those who see further than we do to also show us how to get there. It is exactly in this respect—the politics of deschooling—that John Holt is, so far, of very little use.

This May, in the Amish case decision (*Wisconsin* v. *Yoder*), allowing certain exceptions to compulsory school attendance, the Supreme Court emphasized that "nothing we hold is intended to undermine the general applicability of the State's compulsory attendance statutes." A national plebiscite on the subject would overwhelmingly sustain that view—with the poor, I expect, voting at least as fervently for compulsory school attendance as any other section of the population.

Schooling as *the* way to guarantee the future has indeed been a cruelly deceptive myth for the vast majority of the poor—and now for growing numbers of middle-class degree holders with no status slots to fit into. Should the nature of the economy change, however, those latter achievers-in-limbo will have a great many more options than black, Puerto Rican, Chicano, and poor white school dropouts. That piece of paper may be full of holes, but it still makes a difference.

There should, of course, be many paths to learning and achievement; but Holt is not going to attract a sufficiently large constituency for deschooling just by advocating more numerous and accessible public libraries, ubiquitous cassette tape recorders for children, storefront reading centers, and volunteer reading guides on the streets. ("The guides would wear some kind of identifying armband, hat, button, etc., so that people wanting information could easily spot them.") These are all useful leads to learning. I do have my doubts about the reading guides, but that may be because I live in New York City where the streets are not quite an Athenian agora. But how, through deschooling, does Holt satisfy those Harlem parents who would agree with Jonathan Kozol's contention in *Free Schools* that what Harlem needs are "radical, strong, subversive, steadfast, skeptical, rage-minded, and power-wielding electricians, pediatricians, lab technicians, defense attorneys, Building Code examiners, brain surgeons"? Except in outrageously minuscule numbers, such power-wielding graduates are not coming out of the schools presently malfunctioning in our Harlems. But Holt has not yet done nearly enough hard thinking to be able to show how these individual and community needs would be met through deschooling. In some respects they might be—through apprenticeships connected with the too slowly increasing numbers of high schools and universities without walls. And as Holt briefly notes, "We could give school credit for a much wider variety of activities, including work"—work that could also involve early apprenticeships in professions as well as other kinds of jobs.

But note that Holt mentions giving *school* credit; another of his ideas is that "a student should be able to go to any school he wanted within his home state, the schools getting aid according to the number of students attending. This would be an incentive to a school to attract students." It's difficult even for Holt, looking ahead, to get away from the possibilities of working to change schools now. And, although he never mentions educational vouchers, Holt does indicate, again too briefly, a bridge to deschooling through providing "educational resources to learners instead of to schools" and then letting "these learners decide whether they want to do their learning in school or in some other place and way." That could be a real change if vouchers were to be entirely secularized and if the opposition by teachers' unions and other vested groups to freedom-of-learning choice could be overcome.

John Holt: "For all the talk . . . most of our schools have changed very little."

Nat Hentoff, author of *Our Children Are Dying*, is an associate professor at New York University Graduate School of Education and writes about learning for *The New Yorker*.

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However, nearly all sense of the huge obstacles to breaking down monopoly public education is absent from Holt's book.

I am hard on Holt because I expect much of him. An extraordinarily involved citizen trying to redress all manner of injustices, not merely in schools, Holt really does know how children fail and how they learn. By using common sense—paradoxically a rarity among "educators"—to describe the actual needs and the natural learning potential of all children, Holt has earned his present influence. But now that he has gone, part way, beyond schools, he has uncharacteristically become hortatorily vague, except when he's writing about the experience of children. And it is those many passages, precisely observed accounts of children learning, that make *Freedom and Beyond* very much worth one's time.

In the first half of the book, Holt, building on epiphanies of the learning process, has composed a remarkably useful guide to the structure of freedom, the uses and tensions of freedom, the problem of choice, and the mine fields of authority and discipline. I wish these 114 pages could be separately issued in paper. I can't think of a better single stimulus to teachers and parents to re-examine what it is they actually *do*—whatever it is they think they're doing—in their relationships with children. Holt is ecumenical in his observations, as finely tuned to the unintentional shell games played by "free school" and "open school" partisans as he is to the effects of "the great glass box" dropped on teachers and students in what are all too accurately called regular schools.

But then Holt takes his leap into the Illich faith, and his intellect gets blunted. Fiercely desiring to set free all those kids being given lifelong sentences as losers in schools, Holt begins to incant. (Strike the rock three times, and say "deschooling.") Meanwhile, those millions of kids inside the great glass boxes still need the support of adults who genuinely know how awful it is in there. Adults who are willing to stay the long route of opening up those schools in many different kinds of ways until much of schooling in its present, narrow, building-limited sense does indeed disappear.

I hope John Holt doesn't go too far away from where most kids still are. He needs them, too, I think, as ballast for such hot air—in a section on economics in *Freedom and Beyond*—as: "The reason we cannot provide good jobs is that there is not enough work to be done." Any devoted fifth-grade ecologist knows better than that.

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DOUBLEDAY

WIT TWISTER NO. 279

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Some irritating — — — — stir in
her head

As, in a fretful — — — —, she lies
abed

And watches bloated flies pursue
their mates

Among her emptied — — — —
and unwashed plates.

A.S.

(Answer on page 80)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1514

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1514 will be found in the next issue.

PXOWO GWO PXWOO MGUPX-
MIZ MWUOHKA—GH YZK
LUMO, GH YZK KYD, GHK
WOGKB VYHOB.

MWGHCZUH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1513

A learned fool is one who has read everything and simply remembered it.

Billings

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What is the new WORLD all about?

From the opening editorial of Volume One, Number One:

The first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE is dedicated to the future of print and to our colleagues on other magazines, newspapers, and books. We are confident that print not only will endure but will continue to be a primary force in the life of the mind. Nothing yet invented meets the intellectual needs of the human brain so fully as print. The ability of the mind to convert markings on paper into meaning provides civilization with much of its basic energy.

About WORLD itself: What is important about a new magazine is not how it came to be but what it seeks to become. WORLD seeks to become a magazine on the human situation. In philosophy, editorial content, and direction, it seeks to become a journal of creative world thought and activity.

The greatest event in our lifetime is that the whole of humanity is now compressed within a single arena. The central question in that arena is whether the world will become a community or a wasteland, a single habitat or a single battlefield. More and more, the choice for the world's peoples is between becoming world warriors or world citizens.

Perhaps the starkest discovery of our time is that our planet is not indestructible and that its ability to sustain life is not limitless. For the first time in history, therefore, the physical condition of the planet Earth forces itself upon human intelligence. And the management of the Earth for the human good now becomes not just a philosophical abstraction but an operational necessity.

All at once a new and larger kind of wisdom is needed to keep humankind from becoming inimical to its own survival. Wisdom that can deal with basic causes of breakdowns between the national aggregations. Wisdom that can halt the poisoning of the natural environment and that can monitor the world's airshed and waters. Wisdom that can establish a balance between resources and needs. Wisdom that can apply technology to the upgrading of the human situation. And, finally, wisdom that can help men regain their essential trust in one another, and restore their sensitivity to life.

The ultimate adventure on Earth is the adventure of ideas. WORLD MAGAZINE would like to be part of that adventure. The times favor new ideas. Old dogmas and ideologies are losing their power to inspire or terrify. They are no longer the sources of intellectual energy but have become enduring symbols, objects of generalized attachments and loyalties. Ideological Man is giving way to World Man. The banner commanding the greatest attention has human unity stamped upon it.

The major differences of our time are no longer viewed as existing between mammoth blocs, whether geographic or cultural or political. The most fundamental differences exist within the societies rather than between them. These differences have to do with a view of the world, and how best to unite and safeguard the human habitat. Thus the issue is no longer what East and West can give to each other but what both can give to the survival of civilization.

As a result—or, more accurately, as the prime cause—people are undergoing a vast experience in the de-mystification of tribalism. Old ideas of separatism and group identity don't move men as much as new perceptions of human solidarity.

What is happening is that the human race is fighting back. It is responding to the accumulation of dangers and terrors that could put a torch to the human nest. It is facing up to bizarre gamesmanship applied to human destiny, and to the insanity of making the Earth a warehouse for holocaust-producing weapons. Men dare to think that ethics can be applied to the behavior of nations and that a time is fast approaching when men will not be ordered to kill or be killed.

All sorts of magnificent notions are at large in the human mind today, and the most revolutionary notion of them all is that the problem of human survival is not beyond human intelligence.

The starting point for a better world is the belief that it is possible. Civilization begins in the imagination. The wild dream is the first step to reality. It is the direction-finder by which men locate higher goals and discern their highest selves. If we can conceive of a safe and responsible design for our collective lives we are already well on the way to achieving it.

Hope, therefore, is on solid ground not when it is confined to demonstrated propositions but when it can spring out of sudden

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new perceptions. Hope may be fortified by experience but that is not where it begins. It begins in the certainty that things can be done that have never been done before. This is the ultimate reality and it represents the uniqueness of the human mind.

Such at least is the mood in which this magazine comes to life. It is what the world is about and it is what WORLD will try to be about.

It is apparent from the Table of Contents of this first issue that most of the editors and contributors have worked together before. Yet it is equally clear that they come together now in a new and different context. WORLD MAGAZINE is proud of its origins and especially of whatever measure of continuity it may be able to give to a certain tradition in publishing. We are excited by the prospect of publishing a magazine with a world purpose.

Though they have worked together before and share a common editorial background, the editors do not regard this first issue as a definitive expression of their ideas about WORLD. For a new magazine is not born fully formed. It has to evolve over a period of time. It is shaped in creative interaction with readers. Its most useful mistakes are made in the open. Our hope is that those mistakes will not be beyond fruitful correction, and that they will not obscure our main aim, which is to publish a magazine that people will read and respect.

Norman Cousins

In inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter subscription form.

Some of the features and articles in the first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE:

Features

Goodman Ace . . . . . Top of the World
Hollis Alpert . . . . . On Film
Cleveland Amory . . . . . Curmudgeon-at-Large
Hallowell Bowser . . . . . What One Man Can Do
John Ciardi . . . . . As I Was Saying
Norman Cousins . . . . . Editorial
Buckminster Fuller . . . . . Geoview: Playing the World Game
Roland Gelatt . . . . . World Watch
Thomas H. Middleton . . . . . Double-Gram Puzzle
Leo C. Rosten . . . . . Diversions
Horace Sutton . . . . . Travel: World on a String

Articles

U Thant . . . . . Reflections of a Mediator
Robert Craft . . . . . Music: Painting Oneself Into a Corner
Alvin C. Eurich . . . . . I Remember Education in the Year 1972
Katharine Kuh . . . . . The Greening of Art in the Caribbean
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Roy McMullen . . . . . Essay Review of "Vous les entendez?" by Nathalie Sarraute
Peter Schrag . . . . . The "Forgotten American" Revisited
Santi Tara . . . . . Southeast Asia: Super Supplier of Heroin
Richard L. Tobin . . . . . Opinionation
Margaret R. Weiss . . . . . Photography: Beauty Out of the Blue
Roger M. Williams . . . . . Moving People in a Crowded World
Anthony Wolff . . . . . Cloudy Atmosphere Over Stockholm

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DISPOSSESSING THE AMERICAN INDIAN: Indians and Whites on the Colonial Frontier
by Wilbur R. Jacobs
Scribners, 240 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Rarihokwats

The Indian question continues to pose questions difficult for white, Christian, Western man to answer. How does a nation build a solid, proud, historical foundation on an embarrassingly bloody record of brutality toward the native people, even as it continues to live on and exploit land stolen from them—most of it in the last hundred years?

Now that the Doctrine of Discovery is as difficult to rationalize as the Immaculate Conception, and Manifest Destiny has run into boggy ground on its Western quest to Indochina, Americans and Canadians are finding the answers more difficult and the quest more compelling. The popularity of Dee Brown's best-selling, tell-it-like-it-was *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* is one indication that the wars with the Indians must still be reckoned with and possibly atoned for.

The ecological problems that threaten life on this planet have added a new dimension: Not only was the treatment of the Indians immoral, unChristian, and inhuman, but America must now consider that maybe, after all, the Indians' life-style was correct, the only life-style that will offer hope for generations yet unborn.

Most Americans have already learned that their history is not as glamorous as their tenth-grade teachers made it seem. In *Dispossessing the American Indian: Indians and Whites on the Colonial Frontier*, Wilbur Jacobs offers to peel away another layer of myth to expose the truths. That there was genocide is too obvious to make equivocation possible. But why did it happen? Jacobs, a professor of history at the University of California, Santa Barbara, with impressive academic credentials, offers insights that Indians can applaud and Americans will find hard to dodge.

The difficulties Americans face in dealing with this unpleasant history, however, are epitomized by Jacobs himself. He, too, has been victimized by historical stereotypes, and while he recognizes them, he cannot quite escape them. Jacobs-the-historian can recognize that "Indian medicine shows that the historical arrogance white

The American Indian—"maybe, after all, [his] life-style was correct."

Americans have had toward the Indian is misplaced," but Jacobs-the-American remarks that Indians were "Stone Age" people living in a "world of sorcery and medicine men." As a sensitive being, Jacobs wonders whether man should have "a moral obligation for a bear . . . a sacred lake, or even a wolf," but his commercial instincts add that "from a practical viewpoint, should we not regard the land as a depreciable resource in only finite supply?" Indians, regarding the earth as Mother, shudder at the sacrilege of considering her a "depreciable resource."

Perhaps in recoil from the pain of what he sees, Jacobs retreats into scholarly "objectivity." While it may comfort some Americans to see that what happened to the Indians is "part of a complex historical process in the growth of nations," it is of little solace to Indians to see their human condition as grist for the growth of another nation of people.

The book is still one that Indians can see as supportive to their position, despite the unconscious and perhaps inherent ethnocentricity of the author. Perhaps it is necessary that Americans peel away the layers of gilt and guilt one by one, rather than incorporating the horrible truths and compelling realities into their souls and beings and lives.

Jacobs, like many other Americans, turns to the Indians—those who survive, and those who have not become Americanized—and to their philosophy of life, for hope in the current human and ecological crises. Americans seem somehow to hope that they can "learn from the Indians" and at the same time continue their collective exploitation and oppression of the earth and the living beings on it. Somehow the system can continue, they believe, perhaps even prosper, if it can incorporate Indian knowledge and attitudes. But Jacobs understands—if only academically so—that, like Pontiac and Tecumseh, Americans must see that the two life-styles are mutually exclusive of each other and that Americans must make a choice, not merely acquire new knowledge.

So far, the Indians' track record in favor of life itself and the Creation continues to be the safer bet.

Rarihokwats is editor of *Akwesasne Notes*, the largest Indian newspaper in North America, published in Rooseveltown, N. Y.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

...AND SHE HAD A LITTLE CURL

Each of these little girls fits one of the descriptions in Column 2. Alan Keith-Lucas of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, wants you match them up, and to complete your answer by citing the author from Column 3. For your reward of sugar and spice, sprint to page 80.

1. Alice ( )	A. Was taught how to fly	a. Alcott
2. Amy ( )	B. Was undressed by a lioness	b. anon.
3. Becky ( )	C. Nearly lost her pet to a monkey	c. Barrie
4. Elsie ( )	D. Saw her brother playing with a skull	d. Belloc
5. Emily ( )	E. Was caught hurraying with her heels	e. Blake
6. Glumdalclitch ( )	F. Told such awful lies	f. Carroll
7. Jemima ( )	G. Poisoned her grandmother's tea	g. Finley
8. Lyca ( )	H. Was mistaken for a serpent	h. Hughes
9. Matilda ( )	I. Refused a brass andiron knob as a peace offering	i. Longfellow
10. Susan ( )	J. Refused to play the piano for her father on Sunday	j. Southey
11. Wendy ( )	K. Was captured by pirates in the Caribbean	k. Swift
12. Wilhelmina ( )	L. Was punished for bringing pickled limes to school	l. Twain

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A Chat With the Composer

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

LONDON—The lights dimmed in the fashionable Leicester Square Odeon, and from behind the glowing orange stage curtains came a blast of thumping, amorphous sound that purported to be music. Soon it was joined by a thin, childlike voice that kept singing, "Curiouser and curiouser . . . " and some other words that got lost between the forced volume (obviously based on someone's notion that more is better) and the inadequacy of the theater's sound system to reproduce in the higher registers.

All this was the prelude to a midnight screening of excerpts from a forthcoming, multistarred production of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, due here around Christmas. For a preview, as well as a glimpse of the actual shooting, American National, which owns the U.S. and Canadian rights to *Alice*, flew to London a planeload of about eighty prospective exhibitors, some sixty press and TV people, and perhaps thirty-five of its own key executives. The screening was intended to be the highlight of the trip.

Unfortunately, as was soon apparent, it was anything but. To be sure, one could recognize in the excerpts such luminaries as Sir Ralph Richardson as the Caterpillar, Peter Sellers as the March Hare, Sir Robert Helpmann as the Mad Hatter, and, if one looked very closely beneath the make-up, Michael Crawford as the White Rabbit. The excerpts, however, were studded with printed slugs reading "Scene Missing," the editing was still rough, the color and the sound unbalanced. The underscoring, so important to a film of this sort, had yet to be written, and many in the audience stated that they found the songs themselves uninspired.

As it happened, I had purposely sought out John Barry, *Alice's* composer, during my visit to the rambling Shepperton studio the day before, mainly because his was one of the few behind-the-camera names with which I was familiar. Also, I have consistently admired his work, from the rock variations of *The Knack* to the medieval classicism of *The Lion in Winter*, and from the pungent guitar concerto that accompanied *Boom* to the blaring, driving rhythms of the James Bond pictures. I was curious to discover the kind of man who composed so effectively in so many different idioms.

There is probably no more endearing introduction to an artist than a display of familiarity with his work. In any case, before the afternoon was over, Barry—a lean, tall fellow who looks at least a decade younger than his thirty-nine years—had auditioned the entire score for me on the superb stereo system installed in his sleek white Citroën '72. "Actually," he said, half-apologetically, "the sound here is far better than the studio's sound system, and the tracks for my cartridges are properly mixed, while the film tracks won't be finally mixed until September."

I found John Barry's music for *Alice* —all twenty-one numbers—utterly charming, ingeniously orchestrated, and wholly different from any of his scores that I was familiar with. For one thing, it was more tender, more romantic, much in the spirit of Prokofiev's nostalgic modernisms in the *Romeo and Juliet* or *Cinderella* ballets, although interspersed were Elgaresque fanfares, and a hilarious patter song between Sellers and Helpmann that owed more to the Twenties' music halls than to Gilbert and Sullivan. Somehow, Barry had managed to make an orchestra that never numbered more than fifty sound like twice that many. And the lyrics by Don Black—often witty, sometimes poetic—always seemed to ride effortlessly just above the surface of their accompaniment.

Next day, over a kipper mousse at Burke's Club, Barry somewhat diffidently began to talk about composing for films. Although he had a classical education in music, his entrance into the film field was through association with a rock group, the John Barry Seven, and a period as accompanist to a rock singer named Adam Faith (who seems to have been the British Elvis Presley). When Faith went into the movies, Barry went with him. The duo did not remain together very long. "We had different ideas about music," said Barry, succinctly.

"I've come to look on music as a voice, an attitude, that exists outside the film itself," he continued. "If the music is saying the very same thing as the pictures, then obviously it is being redundant. If you begin to notice the music as an intrusion, then it is bad. But if you become aware of the music emotionally and are responding to it along with the film itself, then it is a good score. I feel that the film composer should be, first, a good dramatist, and, second, a good composer. He should be able to expand, through his music, what the film is saying, not merely repeat or underline it."

Barry rejects emphatically the notion that movie music should be bland or neutral, or simply—as Aaron Copland once put it—"a small lamp placed beneath the screen to warm it." According to Barry, "If music doesn't sing, or dance, or have an interesting harmonic concept, then it shouldn't be there at all. A film score should burn with its own fire, not merely glow in the dark like a pretty charcoal." When he reads a new script, it is with an eye to what he can add to it—and also to what he is *not* going to do with it. "Choice is taste," is virtually his maxim, and it applies equally to his choice of scripts and his choice of the musical forms to accompany them.

What concerns him most is the quality (or lack of quality) in most theater speaker systems. Barry became extraconscious of this at an early age, because his father was an exhibitor. "It's absolutely pointless to go for hi-fi sound in films when you know how it's going to sound for most audiences," he said. "When I record a score, I go for the highest quality that the studio can give me. But then I bring in standard speakers and re-record for these. Actually, it's a recording calculated to bring out the best in your average theater installations." By all odds, he admitted, the sound on his numerous LPs and tapes was better than anything one might hear in the theater—or, for that matter, in the Royal Albert Hall, where the Royal Philharmonic will perform an all-John Barry program on October 7 (including excerpts from his score for *Goldfinger*, which he calls "Mickey Mouse Wagner").

I looked around for John Barry at the Leicester Square Odeon on that last night in London, but failed to spot him. I hope he wasn't there. What with the curtains that muffled his sound, the unbalanced tracks, and the Odeon's tubby speakers, he would probably have been tearing great handfuls out of his long, but already thinning hair. □

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Theater

Joan Superstar

BY HENRY HEWES

The Reverend Al Carmines's new musical, *Joan*, is a mixture of hilarious blasphemy and of passionate pleading for those who seek grace in irregular behavior. It is utterly shameless as it sets out with a "Praise the Lord" number sung by a bunch of nuns (half of whom are men in drag) who make a "crucifix" formation as a kind of camp parody of what the Rockettes might cook up one of these Easters.

Then we meet Joan, who turns out to be a sullen girl in blue jeans with shirttails hanging out. She is living in the East Village with a timid junkie named Ira and a political activist named Tracy. With delightful frankness she explains the virtues of a *ménage à trois* by singing, "It's so nice to cuddle in a threesome." After she has pointed out, "There's lots more you can do when you're doing it to two, and two are doing it to you," Joan puts an arm around each lover and proclaims, "Now we understand the Trinity," and defies the audience to doubt the innocence of their pleasure.

However, there is more to life than triple-headers, and Tracy has influenced Joan to throw a bomb. Although she is hiding out from the police, Joan decides to take a midnight walk and wanders into a church, where she encounters a tinselly dressed, red-haired lass who slips into an amusing chorus-girl routine about how they call her the Virgin Mary and how she has reappeared to do her vulgar dance and urge Joan to "smile, smile, smile." In response to this, Joan sings, "How can you be happy if you're hip to all the evil going down?" But somehow the apparition has made her feel that she is not alone. Joan has found joy in the Virgin Mary, just as Ira has found joy in heroin. Joan describes it: "It's like all the same facts exist in ozone instead of polluted air."

Joan receives a visit from her mother, who compliments herself for the things she hasn't complained about, thereby managing to complain about them. Mother is also obversely funny as she voices her desire to have the same kind of mother-daughter relationship with Joan as those she sees on TV serials and commercials. Mother goes on to hurt Ira's feelings by calling him a dope fiend, but Joan comforts him by singing a love ballad to "Ira, my dope fiend."

However, Joan's love for Ira is different from her new-found feelings for the Virgin Mary. Disingenuously, she apologizes for expressing such divine emotions in the "moon, sha-boom, and kiss" style of the songs she grew up with in the Fifties. And here we feel that Carmines himself is explaining how he has wed his own religious faith with pop music and vaudeville dancing. The first act ends in glorious celebration of Joan's transcendental joy, with the nuns zanily echoing her song.

The second act explores Joan's ordeal after she has been arrested. It begins entertainingly with a Protestant bishop, a Jewish rabbi, and a Catholic cardinal who make up the President's Ecumenical Religious Council. The President wants their support in recommending the death penalty, and they decide to cop out by refusing to interfere and making their refusal appear to be a big case for separation of church and state. Most delightful to those who remember the final lines of Shaw's *Saint Joan* is the cardinal's complaint about the newspapers' quoting Pope John on leniency and mercy. He cries out, "John, John, John! I'm sick of hearing that name. He's become a mouthpiece for every bleeding heart in the country. Oh, God. How long, how long?" The threesome proceed to sing and dance a parody of the religious establishment's calculated use of techniques that will make religion fashionable. These include a book called *Are You Limping With Diseases, When You Ought to Be Running With Jesus?*

Meanwhile, the incarcerated Joan is receiving what comfort she can from the nuns, who tell her she must suffer and die without knowing why, but that through it all she will hear God singing. As a special treat, she is offered a glimpse of paradise in which the voice of God proclaims, "The kingdom of my love is stupid and rare." Ira also comes to her and sings "In My Silent Universe," taking God to task for having created sound, which Ira sees as the source of most of the world's troubles.

In prison Joan's fear of death is contrasted with the absurd, pointless efforts of psychiatrists and social workers to rehabilitate her. She turns from this to the despair voiced by another condemned inmate who excoriates a world of people who let their revolutionary saints die, then write idolizing plays about them.

Torn between absurdity and despair, Joan seeks solace in a final night of masturbation. Her achievement of ecstasy by this means is sanctifed into a rite by the nuns who sing, "Look at me, Joan, I'm a woman. Look at me, Joan, I'm a man!" Their song seems to suggest that the purest sexual experience is an imaginary one encompassing all possibilities.

Joan goes to her death recognizing in some vague way that faith is a retreat into simplicity in which "all unknowingly we trace a geography of grace." Nevertheless, she also knows that death is stili something terrifying that she must go through. A policeman leads her off and tells her to close her eyes. The lights go out. There is a scream, not from Joan but from the Virgin Mary, who then sings, "I lose often, and God loses all the time. . . . Who's next?"

Then, as in Shaw's play, there is a short epilogue in which Joan's mother appears to tell us that if it accomplished nothing else, Joan's death has changed her. Because she doesn't quite know what Joan would have wanted, she has tried to cover all fronts by both being confirmed in the church and becoming a senior patron of the Young Maoist League, activities that she superficially enjoys.

Joan is unforgettably performed by Lee Guilliat, who brings total honesty and a fine, penetrating voice to the title role. Essie Borden plays the Virgin Mary with twinkling humor. Ira Siff makes a very touching misfit as Joan's junkie friend. At times Julie Kurnitz seems a kind of white Bessie Smith as the head nun. And Emily Adams is a perfect replica of every loving, disapproving mother who ever visited a city-dwelling daughter.

For Carmines, who has written and directed the whole business, *Joan* seems to be a personal exploration of his own unorthodox feelings about religion. As is the case in almost every show this prolific and deliberately eclectic author-composer writes, there is a certain amount of partly ineffectual meandering. But audiences who have come to love Carmines willingly endure this, for they know he is going to get them with his inspired bursts of diabolical humor and angelic joy. □

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Music

All Mozart, All Stravinsky

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Julius Rudel is a musician who has almost as many titles as he has talents. Best known as director of the New York City Opera, he is also music director for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Opera Institute, and, until very recently, music director of Cincinnati's May Festival. These are all indoor involvements. When it is open season for Rudel, as it is now, he is transformed into musical director for the Caramoor Festival, in its twenty-seventh season in Katonah, New York.

Under the astute planning of its executive director, Michael Sweeley, Caramoor is more than ever a tribute to its founders, the late Walter Tower and Lucie Bigelow Rosen. Originally the "festival" was confined to a few weekend events centering upon the fourth of July holiday. This year it extends from mid-June to late August. The beautiful grounds of the spacious estate encircle performing areas that have attained a lived-in look long in the making. It is, indeed, an enchanting place to spend a musical evening, come what may.

When what comes, as it did for this year's opening evening, is an all-Mozart program, Caramoor (a word said to have been evolved from *cara d'amore*) is not merely enchanting but irresistible. Under Rudel's ministering hand, the visitor has been taught to expect quality results. Nothing in the chosen sequence even verged on "popular" Mozart. But a turnout that nearly filled the 1,500 seats in the Venetian Theater area, on an evening of touch-and-go weather, was a vote of confidence, not only in the genius whose works were being performed, but also in the auspices under which they were being performed.

It may be forgotten by some that Mozart belonged to an era in which music was still being written to be played out of doors. These obviously do not include Rudel, whose choice of the C-minor Serenade (K. 388, written for pairs of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns) to open the first concert was an acoustical eight-strike and an esthetic delight. It was a reminder that purity of statement coupled with the joy of life that animated Mozart's music is a value as enduring as the fresh air, the sweep of greenery, and the occasional stir of breeze in which it was heard.

In the following *Sinfonia concertante* in E-flat (K. 364) the wind sounds were enriched not only by orchestral strings but by the fastidious dialogue of its violin and viola soloists. This unique conception is executed in a scheme of kinship and contention, unanimity and duality, dancing interplay, and numerous aural *pas de deux*, which remind us that, much as music has changed since Mozart's death in 1791, it has not advanced one millimeter in sophistication. The excellent soloists were violinist Charles Haupt and violist Jesse Levine, both a credit to the Buffalo Philharmonic.

By normal practice, Patricia Brooks's singing of "Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio" (K. 418) and "Non temer, amato bene" (K. 505) should have followed the intermission. It was, however, Rudel's preference that the audience should first hear his version of the Symphony No. 33 in B-flat (K. 319); so the expected order was reversed. The seldom heard symphony went with verve and finesse, although it tended to make Miss Brooks's polished artistry a reward for audience tolerance rather than the artistic high spot it should have been. But the other sequence might have produced a mass exodus after the vocal interlude, with a roar of cars revving up that could have converted the symphony into background music for a miniature version of Le Mans.

Caramoor's schedule is loaded with choice events through August 27, and it is worth the easterner's effort to reach it, either by car or by bus transportation from Lincoln Center.

Even ears dazzled by such an all-Mozart program *al fresco* could not reject the opportunity to participate in the following evening's celebration of Igor Stravinsky's ninetieth birthday, indoors though it was, at the State Theater of Lincoln Center. It should, some will say, be more accurately described as "what would have been the late Igor Stravinsky's ninetieth birthday." But that was not the mood of the attendants, or of such a true believer as George Balanchine, who resolutely used the present tense in greeting the audience.

The evening began jauntily with the master's arrangement of Clayton F. Summy's "Happy Birthday to You," which, in Stravinskyese, comes out "Birthday Happy, You to." The program touched lightly on such early matter as a movement from a piano sonata of 1902 (the work of a student with "advanced" ideas), performed with finesse by Mrs. André Malraux, who remembered it from a facsimile now lost. In turn were heard the ingenious *Feux d'artifice* of 1908, when Stravinsky was still a disciple of Rimsky-Korsakov, and the rarely performed *Scherzo fantastique* of 1908. These were followed by the Symphony in Three Movements (1945), the Concerto for Violin (1931), and the first of all his masterpieces, *L'Oiseau de feu* (1910). Save for the symphony, led by Robert Craft, all the works were conducted by Robert Irving. Each had its share of eye as well as ear appeal, for this was part of a week-long sequence sponsored by the New York City Ballet.

The two dozen works performed during the week could scarcely cover all the pathbreaking scores in the Stravinsky catalogue. Even without them, those offered presented work after work without which the repertory of concert and ballet music would be sadly deprived.

Anatole France once boldly announced, "Apropos of Shakespeare, I shall speak of myself." In a like spirit, one might say: "Apropos of Mozart, I shall speak of Stravinsky." Two less likely names for bracketing in a sentence could scarcely be imagined. But they share a world of creation whose terminology is tone and whose mode of apprehension is the aural faculty. The miracle of Mozart is how much that was different he created from a vocabulary that hardly changed once he mastered his craft. The miracle of Stravinsky is how much he created with a vocabulary that was constantly changing as he mastered his craft and applied it to the varied priorities of his long lifetime. Had Stravinsky died, as Mozart did, at thirty-five, it would have been in 1917, with all the works of the Twenties, Thirties, Forties, and Fifties undone! The thought is sufficiently appalling to compel an agreement with Balanchine that "Stravinsky *is* ninety," and that this was a day of which to make a festive rather than a solemn ceremony. □

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Phoenix Nest

"I Violated Him With a Ticket!"

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Right now, fifty miles from New York, people are sitting around rural New Jersey council tables saying things like: "We ought to get a new streetlight in town; the one we got now, the light don't hardly reach the road."

In some municipalities the councilmen still meet in little buildings with stoves, and there's not enough room to swing a cat, as the saying goes. I cover some of these meetings for local newspapers, and the experience is rewarding. The trick is to stay awake. Now and then, during long discussions about what road ought to get tar, which summer folks ought to get both tar and feathers, and why the dog ordinance has no teeth, I pick up some interesting bits of information and an epigram or two.

I learned that young Mrs. Chapman was seen in the village wearing "not enough clothes to pad a crutch." And that Cliff the retired chicken farmer is, unfortunately, "just settin' there rustin' out."

Out here there has been a run on colonial gas stations and colonial supermarkets. One township even built a colonial sewage treatment plant. The other day someone asked a councilman what made a structure colonial.

"Beams," he replied. "The more a beam is chopped up, the more colonial it is."

Exchanges between citizens and officials often give pause for confusion:

Citizen: "I don't want to step on the road commissioner's toes, but I think he should get rid of the poison ivory."

Road Commissioner: "You can step on my toes all you want; I've got broad shoulders."

"Tricky Dick's in San Clemente. Care to shoot the breeze with the Greek or Loud-mouth Mitchell?"

Something given without charge locally is defined as "free gratis," or sometimes "gratis-free." There's lots of free gratis advice to be had.

"I think I've got rats at my place," one newcomer told the Health Board chairman.

"If you think you've got rats, you got 'em," was the reply.

Another local resident wanted to know more about a local law permitting farm buildings, but not storage buildings, in a certain zone. The building inspector explained it this way: "You can't use a shed to store manure; only if the cow is there that made the manure is it okay."

One fascinating piece of advice was given by a veteran councilman to a newly elected local official: "Don't take to heart all the complaints you hear. Take two-thirds in one ear and three-thirds in the other ear, and let it all go on through, and forget it."

That same councilman has gone on record that "people are only human" and that they tend to be "habitual in their habits."

Another township father, perhaps exasperated at habitual habits, sighed: "If mother was alive, she'd turn over in her grave."

The most bizarre announcement was made by a rural constable, whose verbal report of a traffic incident ended with: "I violated him with a ticket!"

My favorite saying was shouted from the back of the room by a short fellow who stood up and announced: "You can't tell which way the train went by looking at the tracks!" Then he sat down. We all stared at the walls and at one another for a while, and then the meeting just broke up and everybody wandered off into the sunset.

I have since discovered that his aphorism is the perfect social response when I've been daydreaming, there's a hush, and I suddenly realize that somebody has asked me a question about the discussion.

"You can't tell which way the train went by looking at the tracks," said slowly and firmly, is always greeted with respectful silence. Many people, being only human, nod wisely. And if someone dares to ask you to explain your profound/meaningless statement, just get up and walk out, because there's not enough room in here to swing a cat.

Dereck Williamson

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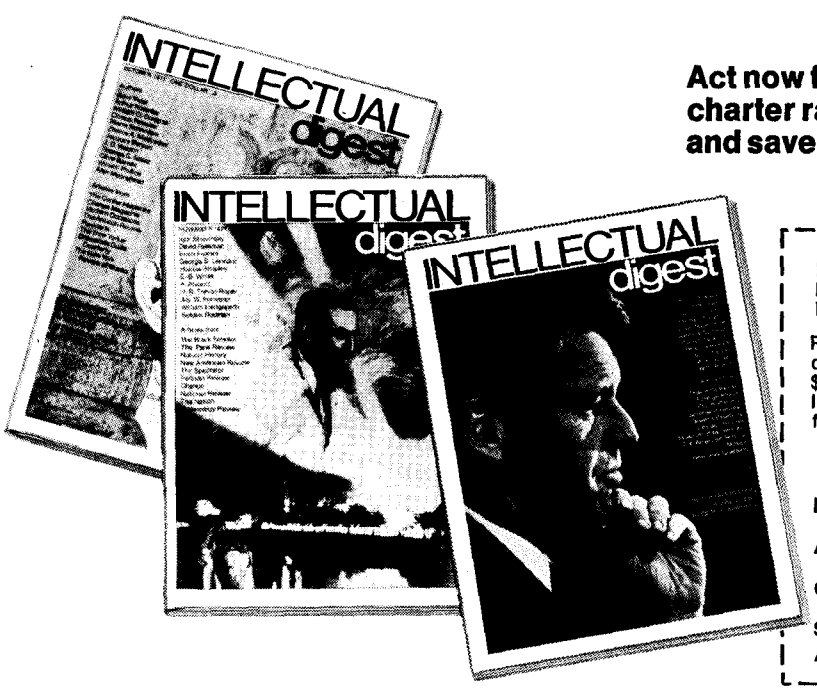

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Harlem From the Back of the Bus

BY ELLEN STOCK

"Ain't nothin' you're gonna see in Harlem that you don't see anywheres else, except more dirt," I was told by the driver of a Gray Line sight-seeing bus, who, with two other bus drivers, stood around killing time in front of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

"A bus I know broke down there once, and a bunch of colored kids beat up the driver," said one of the men. "And they shoot bullets and rocks through the window."

The cathedral was the first stop on the only New York tour that goes into Harlem: the Harlem "As It Is" Economy Tour, offered by a black-owned agency called Penny Sightseeing Company. I made my reservation at the tiny office on West 42nd Street a week in advance, arrived early for my Thursday morning excursion, paid my $4.50, and sat down with the other tourists. Behind the desk was Penelope Ruffin, black and round, who, with her husband, Claude, started the agency six years ago. She asked where we were from. We were, it turned out, from seven countries. Seventeen of us were from Europe; I alone was from New York. We were all white.

The bus drivers had spoken, it seemed, for my countrymen.

"I'd like to welcome you all on this Harlem bus tour," announced Nelda Major, the young, black tour guide, from the front of the bus. "We'd like to give you a clear and honest impression of the largest black community in the United States." Nell, as she asked to be called, is a graduate of Temple University, and she wants to become a lawyer. She wore a madras blazer over orange knit pants. Gold hoop earrings dangled from under a neat, close afro.

This is Nell's third summer working as a guide. She speaks slowly (the tourists are foreigners, after all), but what she says is another story.

"Photographs are allowed to be taken, but we ask that you take them from the bus or *in* places—you know, at specific buildings—but not on the streets at the people, because many people in Harlem are very sensitive to cameras. We'll be making several stops, and we ask that you move quickly from the bus into the places. Thank you."

The bus rumbled up Eighth Avenue, past Columbus Circle, to Central Park West. "It's good to keep these apartment buildings in mind so you can compare them with the ones you see in Harlem," she advised.

We passed the Dakota at 72 Street. "This is where the film *Rosemary's Baby* was made." There was an international murmur around me.

I looked around at my fellow tourists. In the front row, right, sat a pair of figurines. One had short red hair, glasses, and freckles. The other had short white hair and a face like a white raisin.

According to their name tags, they were G. Schulz, Germany, and her mother, Grete Schulz, Germany, who neither spoke nor understood a word of English.

Behind the Schulzes sat a woman without a name tag, and behind her a nuzzling young couple from Sweden, then Mr. and Mrs. Tozer from England, and, finally, six scattered Norwegians.

On my side: two Austrian matrons, one in a steep, white cotton hat punctuated by pin marks, the other bareheaded; two well-scrubbed young women who spoke French and had squealed and nudged each other earlier when we passed the restaurants Crêpe Suzette and Coq au Vin. Then me.

As we turned west on 110 Street and rode up Morningside Avenue, Nell picked up her mike. "Over to your left at the top of the hill you can see the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This is the largest cathedral in New York City; if you look at the top, you can probably tell that the cathedral is not complete. Because they didn't finish it, they say that it's a reminder to the people of the plight of the Harlem community."

"Plight?" asked the white-hatted Austrian.

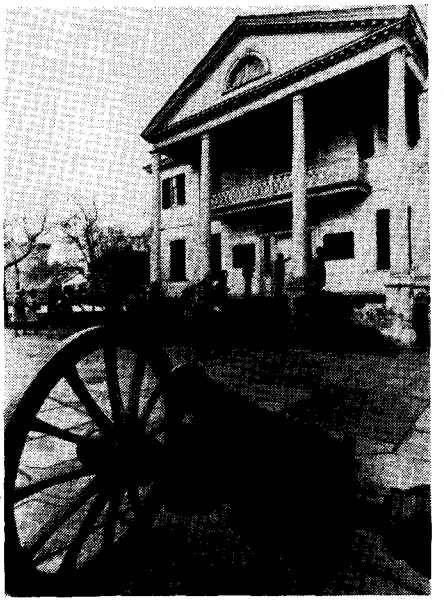
"Problem—stigma," Nell explained easily.

Farther north she pointed out the High School of Music and Art. "It requires a special admittance test," she explained, "so that very few of the students who attend Music and Art are Harlemites. The majority are white children who come from different areas of the city."

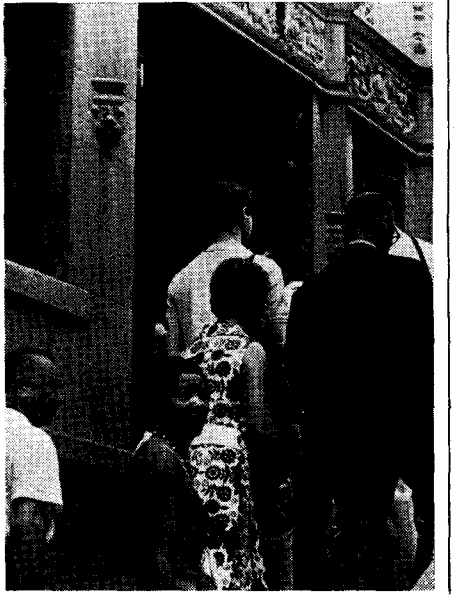
Then we came to Hamilton Grange, a crumbling surprise for those who didn't expect a clapboard house in Harlem, but somewhat less surprising than the information that was to follow.

"The Grange," Nell explained, "is so named because Alexander Hamilton, who was the first Secretary of the United States Treasury, built his home

Jumel Mansion was once Washington's main office, later Aaron Burr's home.



Success is sweet on Sugar Hill—an enclave for affluent blacks.



Ellen Stock is on the staff of *New York* magazine.

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here. Alexander Hamilton was a black man. His mother was French, but his father was black. So we're very proud of this fact, although it's been held from us for many years." Nell was partially right. According to the books, Hamilton's father was white, his mother was a quadroon, and he was, therefore, an octoroon.

"And this is Sugar Hill. Many black celebrities have lived in this section, including Louis Armstrong, Lena Horne, Duke Ellington, and others. Sugar Hill has a very interesting background. If one lived here on the hill, one has really made it, and that's why it's called Sugar Hill—because success is sweet."

We got out of the bus at the Morris-Jumel Mansion at Edgecombe Avenue and 160th Street, on what may be New York's highest hill. Built in 1765, the house has, in its lifetime, served as Washington's headquarters, as a tavern, and as the home of Aaron Burr and his wife, Madame Jumel. Outside the house an elderly woman, who looked to me like the Little Old Lady in my *Babar* books, delivered a brief lecture. When she was done, she turned to the Norwegians and hissed, "They say your social structure works better than ours." We were then dismissed to tour the house by ourselves.

I attached myself to Ferdinand Rieber-Mohn, a tawny Norwegian, very handsome in a blue Oxford shirt and khakis. He explained that he and his five companions were travel agents who had flown here a week earlier. This was their last day here. They had seen *Hair*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the *David Frost Show*, the Police Academy, Rockefeller Center, Staten Island, Chinatown, and the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn.

And why Harlem? "I always wanted to see it," he said, "and we couldn't do it Monday, so we do it today. Everyone told us, 'You shouldn't do it. It's no good. Why do you want to go there? It's so dirty, so dangerous.' But it's all right, so far."

I asked whether Norway offered anything comparable. The closest he could come was to discuss the Lapps. "They have those high cheekbones," he said, wrinkling his nose. "And it's impossible to understand their language."

"You must keep in mind that 'ghetto section' does not necessarily mean 'ghetto people,'" Nell was saying, "because many black people are forced to live under such conditions as you see here because there is not enough adequate housing to house us all. Many of these buildings—all of them—are walkups, so that they have no elevators or lifts, and none of them have incinerators to empty the garbage and so a lot of the streets in this area will be dirty." We saw what she meant.

We headed south on Lenox Avenue. "This is one of the avenues that has made Harlem famous." Nell said. "The Cotton Club and the Savoy, which were two very famous nightclubs, were located here long ago. I don't even remember them." Nell is twenty-one.

We stopped at the Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature and History, a branch of the New York Public Library. "Mr. Schomburg was a Puerto Rican man of African descent who got the inspiration to start this library after one of his school teachers told him that blacks had no history." Books stood in bookcases, sculpture stood on shelves, and no one made a move to enlighten us. I wandered aimlessly with my two French-speaking bus mates.

Claire and Jeannine were chums from Antwerp, both working as nursemaids in New Jersey so they could learn English. Claire would be going home in a month; Jeannine had recently arrived. They always spent their Thursdays together, and this was one of them. They were paying their second visit to Harlem.

"The first time was when we wanted to see Columbia University," Claire said, "but we got out at the wrong subway stop. We walked for a little on One Hundred Twenty-fifth Street. It was a miss-take."

"They were very gentle," added Jeannine. "They didn't say any words."

At Seventh Avenue and 124 Street we were let out at the Greater Refuge Temple, which had been, we were told, an RKO movie theater before it was renovated. We entered quietly and sat obediently in our plush pews, staring above at a glorious stained-glass window reaching to the sky, waiting to be instructed in the mysterious ways of this church.

A black man appeared from the wings, crossed the Dresden blue carpet to stand before us in a T-shirt that read ARUBA . . . NETHERLANDS ANTILLES. "My name is Brother Thomas," he said. "This is a Pentecostal church. This church once was a tee-ater. The designer of this church was from Italy. There are eight hundred and forty seats downstairs, six hundred and sixty upstairs, and one hundred in the choir." And Brother Thomas retreated.

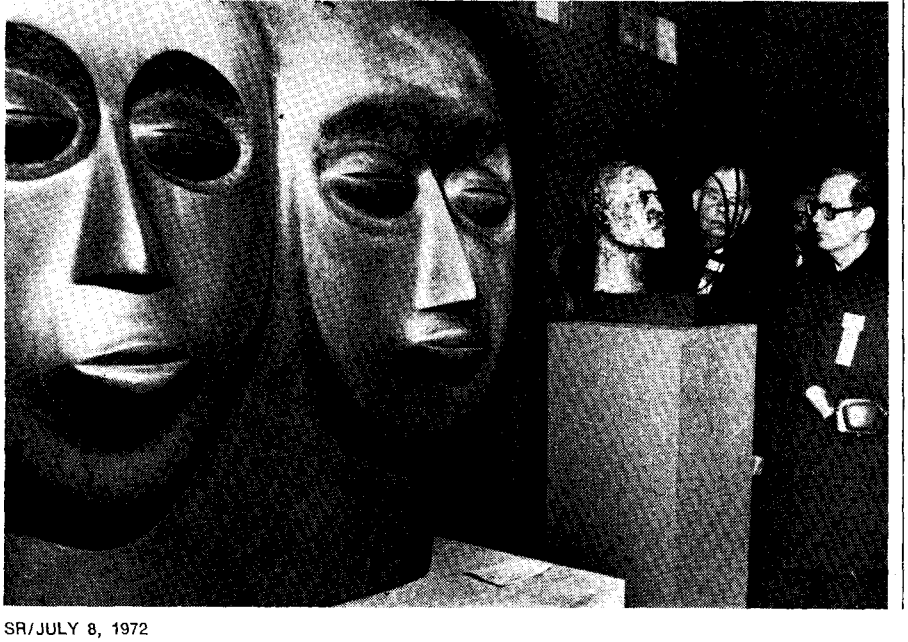
Back in the bus Jeannine and Claire whirled around in their seats to confide: "In Paris you see many more black men and white girls together than in New York City." And to compare Coney Island with Harlem: "There you have the seaside and nature. In Harlem you have only houses."

I leaned across the aisle to chat with the Tozers from England. They were on their way home to Salisbury after living for three years in Washington, where Mr. Tozer had been liaison officer in the British Embassy. I asked whether Harlem had lived up, or down, to their expectations.

"I'm surprised, actually," said Mrs. Tozer, wagging her Margaret Rutherford chin. "I don't think it's any worse than many other areas of New York. It's not very different, really, from Forty-second Street, where we started."

I asked what they planned for the rest of their stay in the States. "Tomorrow we sail on the QE2," said Mr. Tozer. "And tonight—the Mets!"

Afro-American art shows draw tourists to Harlem's Studio Museum.



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Meanwhile Nell was wrapping it all up. "I hope that you've learned that, as black people and Harlemites, we're just like other people. We're rich and poor, good and bad, and happy and sad. And I thank you very much."

Something was wrong. I had spent three hours in Harlem and come out feeling bereft. Bereft and dismayed that foreigners—and, even more tragically, New Yorkers—cannot get an accurate picture of this part of the city, which is so historically important, so responsible, so vigorous, and so troubled.

I returned to the office and asked Penelope Ruffin if she knew why more Americans don't take the tour. "Sometimes they do," she said, "but they're mostly from the South and the Midwest. No New Yorkers. I guess they're afraid, or maybe they just don't care."

She admitted that she was puzzled by what people expect. "Even black people from other places think 'Poor Harlem.' Foreigners come from countries with poverty much worse. They expect the people to be dirty. They've heard we rob everybody. They say, 'I don't see any rats. I don't see any fights.' We always tell them we can't stage things for them.

"Do you know we once had a French reporter who was disappointed because he didn't hear music. You tell me. Where you going to find *jazz* in the *morning*?" □

A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1HF (*Alice in Wonderland*), 2La (*Little Women*), 3I1 (*Tom Sawyer*), 4Jg (*Elsie Dinsmore*), 5Kh (*Innocent Voyage*), 6Ck (*Voyage to Brogdingnag*), 7Ei (*There Was a Little Girl*), 8Be (*Little Girl Lost*), 9Fd (*Cautionary Tales*), 10 Gb (*Susan Poisoned Her Grandmother's Tea*), 11Ac (*Peter Pan*), 12Dj (*Battle of Blenheim*).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 65 nits snit, tins.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

No. 1996

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The ____: gold-mining region of the Transvaal	13 28 39 91
B. Mountain peak, NE Thessaly, Greece	104 128 147 184
C. Substance obtained from the latex of several Malaysian trees (comp.)	166 32 52 58 89 103 143 155 4 70 115
D. Empowers, enables	153 165 180 9 73 129 173 21
E. Manipulated fraudulently	36 85 106 136 183 15
F. Capital of Nepal	19 51 77 122 130 170 185 44
G. River of N Ontario, flowing into James Bay	55 80 97 150 34 60 137 164 179 68 5 116
H. Dramatic representation; acting	126 144 156 167 48 109 118 10 29 69 83
I. Portia's waiting-maid ("The Merchant of Venice")	86 107 117 134 25 62 93
J. Whips, drubs, licks, downs	111 133 176 17 43
K. Thick soup or stew of vegetables or meat	49 63 124 159 172 27 76 140 7 2
L. Dürer's specialty	3 12 79 175 41 56 11 67
M. Closely worked loop	131 149 161 174 35 94 8 81 33 47
N. Unwary (2 wds.)	138 158 31 177 98 154 169 42
O. Program for settlement of German reparations after WW I, adopted 1930 (2 wds.)	26 112 119 135 87 61 182 14 105
P. Ancient Egyptian percussion instrument that rattled when shaken	108 123 139 151 59 88 22
Q. Large hawks that feed on fish	132 24 74 90 20 152 72
R. "Our Playwright may show / In some ____ what this wild drama means." (2 wds.; Tennyson, "The Play")	99 127 114 125 178 66 162 171
S. Press into a flat mass or pulp	92 148 168 18 96 163
T. Free; not restrained or limited	141 120 100 23 1 6 50 75 16 95
U. Lowest qualification at target practice, U.S. Army	40 53 82 37 102 65 146 64
V. Iron used for medium distances	54 113 145 84 38 71
W. Name of a Thackeray family	78 57 45 157 30 121
X. Epistle of the New Testament	142 181 46 160 110 101

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

						1 T	2 K	3 L		4 C	5 G	6 T	7 K	8 M	9 D	10 H				
11 L		12 L	13 A	14 O	15 E	16 T		17 J	18 S	19 F	20 Q	21 D		22 P	23 T	24 Q				
25 I	26 O		27 K	28 A	29 H	30 W	31 N	32 C	33 M		34 G	35 M	36 E	37 U		38 V				
39 A		40 U	41 L	42 N	43 J	44 F	45 W	46 X	47 M	48 H		49 K	50 T	51 F	52 C					
53 U		54 V	55 G	56 L		57 W	58 C	59 P	60 G	61 O	62 I		63 K	64 U		65 U				
66 R	67 L	68 G		69 H	70 C	71 V	72 Q	73 D		74 Q	75 T	76 K	77 F	78 W	79 L	80 G				
81 M	82 U		83 H	84 V	85 E	86 I		87 O	88 P	89 C	90 Q	91 A	92 S		93 I	94 M				
95 T		96 S	97 G	98 N	99 R	100 T	101 X		102 U	103 C	104 B	105 O	106 E	107 I	108 P					
109 H	110 X	111 J	112 O		113 V		114 R	115 C	116 G		117 I	118 H	119 O	120 T	121 W					
122 F	123 P	124 K	125 R		126 H	127 R	128 B		129 D	130 F	131 M	132 Q	133 J	134 I	135 O	136 E				
	137 G	138 N	139 P	140 K	141 T	142 X	143 C		144 H	145 V		146 U		147 B	148 S	149 M				
150 G	151 P		152 Q	153 D	154 N	155 C	156 H		157 W	158 N		159 K	160 X	161 M	162 R	163 S				
164 G	165 O	166 C		167 H	168 S	169 N	170 F		171 R	172 K	173 D		174 M	175 L	176 J	177 N				
178 R	179 G		180 D	181 X		182 O	183 E	184 B	185 F											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 59 of this issue.

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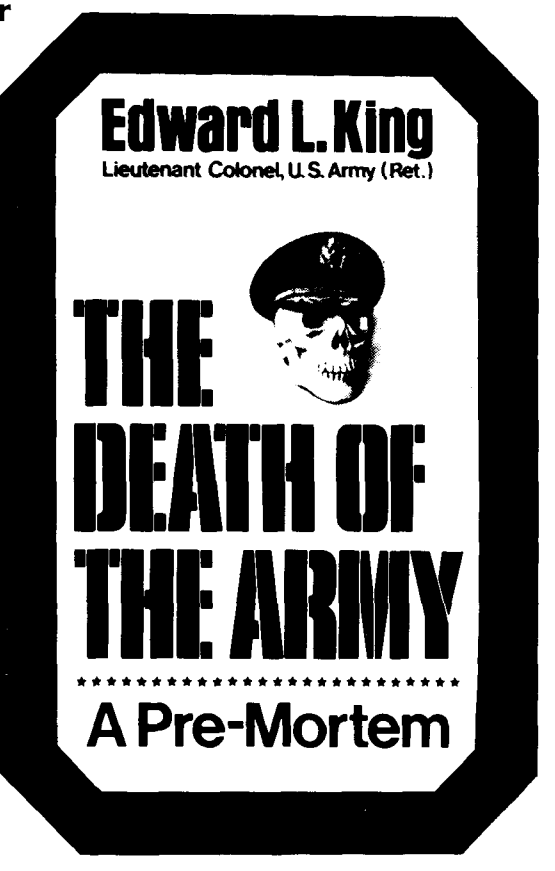

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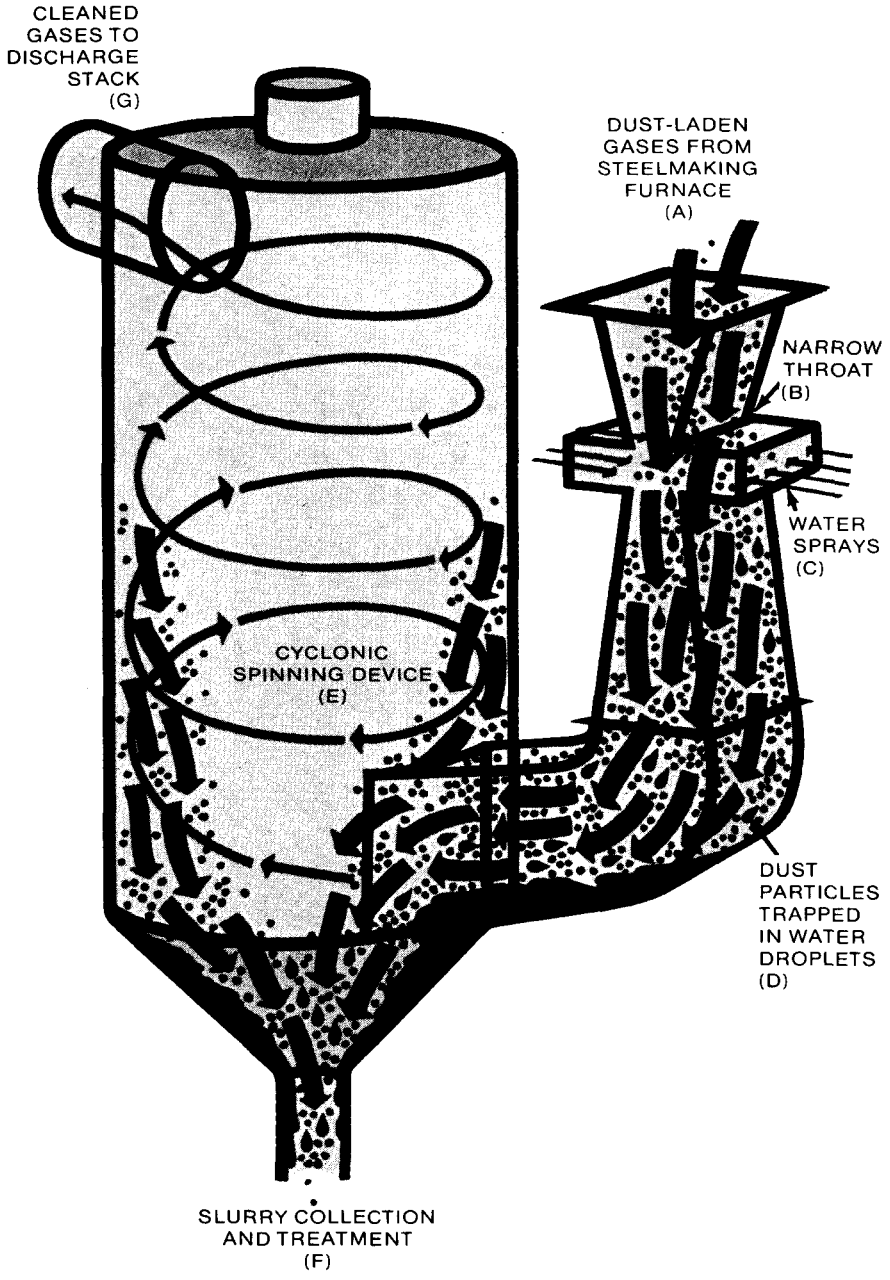
How we send our dust to the showers


CLEANED GASES TO DISCHARGE STACK (G)
DUST-LADEN GASES FROM STEELMAKING FURNACE (A)
NARROW THROAT (B)
WATER SPRAYS (C)
CYCLONIC SPINNING DEVICE (E)
DUST PARTICLES TRAPPED IN WATER DROPLETS (D)
SLURRY COLLECTION AND TREATMENT (F)

Many of our steelmaking operations generate a lot of dust. A "wet scrubber" is one of the systems that keeps our dust and fumes from escaping to pollute the environment.

In a typical example, dust-laden gases from a steelmaking furnace (A) are directed by a narrow throat (B) through water sprays (C). The fine particles of iron-oxide dust are trapped in the water droplets (D).

In a "demisting" process which follows, the dirty wash water passes through a spinning device called a cyclone (E). Droplets of polluted water are spun centrifugally by the whirling current to the sidewalls. The contaminated droplets run down the walls and are discharged in the form of a slurry. The slurry is further treated (F). Cleaned gases are discharged through a stack (G).

This combination of scrubber and cyclone collects better than 99 per cent of the fine particles discharged from steelmaking furnaces. It all adds up to hundreds of tons of dust daily . . . dust which is captured, not released into the atmosphere.

Our employees and their families all breathe the same air, drink the same water. Since we are our own neighbors, we want to be good neighbors.

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